

**AMERICA'S FAVORITE WAR COMICS**

**10¢**

**NOVEMBER**

**No. 27**

# G.I. Joe

ANC



**More LETTERS for G. I.'s...**

**G. I. JOE'S PEN PALS**



**Mulvaney Leaves at Dawn... "DEAR SON---COME HOME"**





WEB COMIC  
UNIVERSE.COM



# ARMY FUN



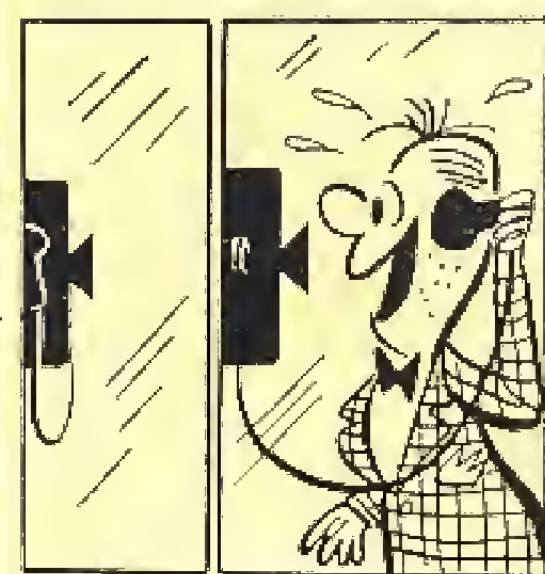
"I'D LIKE TO LEAVE A CALL FOR 10 A.M."



Vic MARTIN



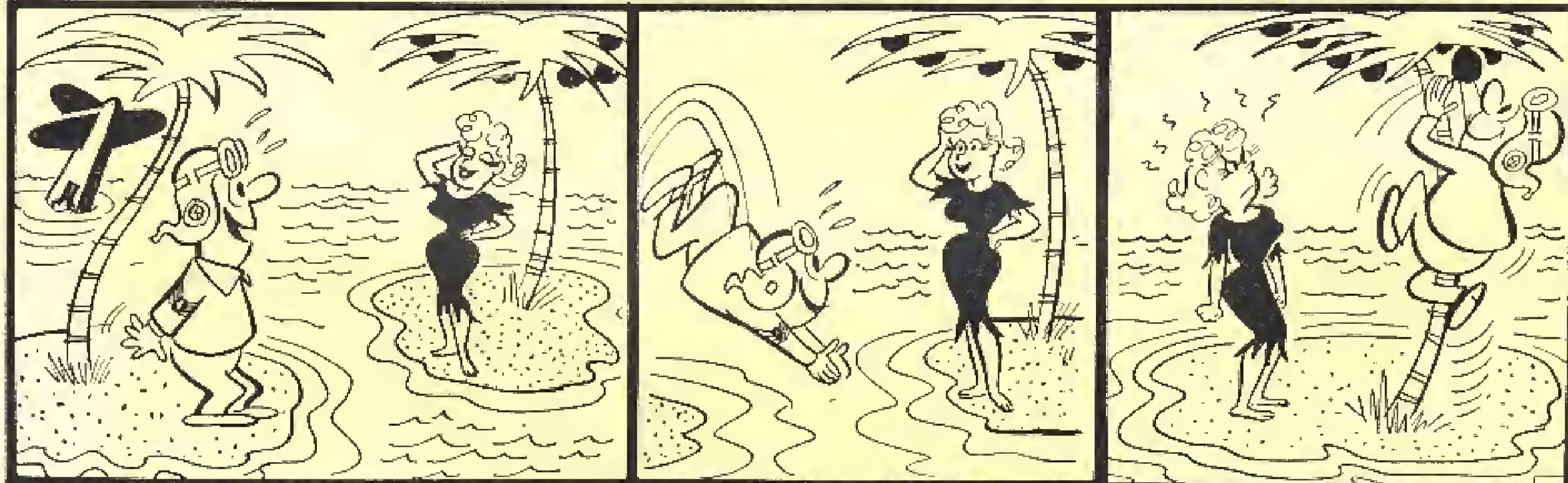
IGAR



US ARMY  
RECRUITING  
STATION

THE  
ARMY  
NEEDS  
YOU!

"HELLO, MA, I GOT THE JOB"



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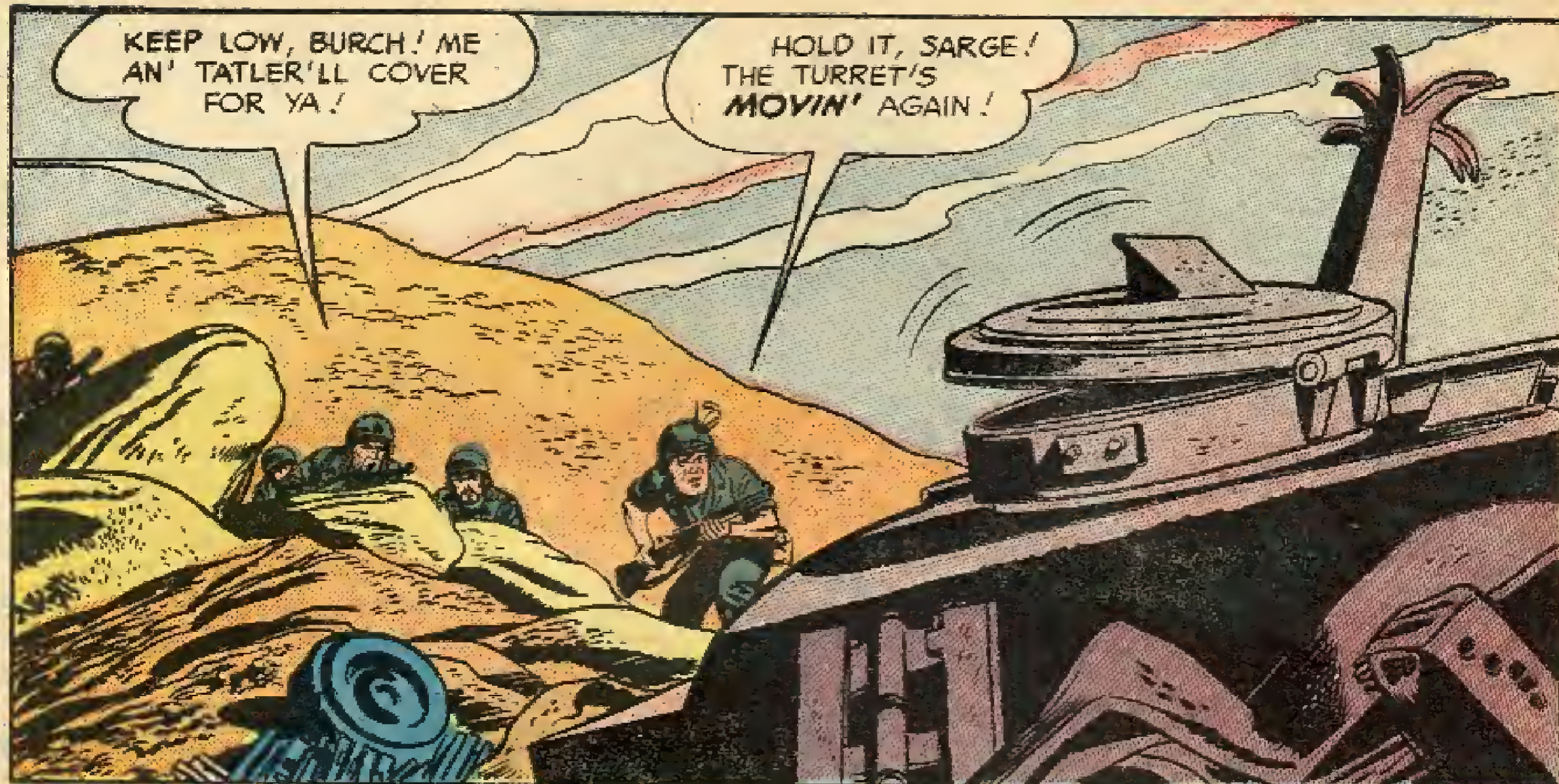
# G.I. Joe

## The "MASSACRE" *in* at KU-SHI BRIDGE

OUR STORY OPENS AS "B" COMPANY PLODS ITS BATTLE-WEARY WAY TOWARD REST CAMP, UNAWARE THAT THEIR PLANS FOR HARD-EARNED RELAXATION ARE SOON TO BE SHATTERED...







KEEP LOW, BURCH! ME  
AN' TATLER'LL COVER  
FOR YA!

HOLD IT, SARGE!  
THE TURRET'S  
**MOVIN'** AGAIN!



WELL, I'LL BE A--

SARGE! GET A  
LOAD OF **THIS!**



I SEEN IT IN THE  
CIRCUS ONCE!  
SAME THING-- ONLY  
WITH **CLOWNS!**





THE COMMIES ARE MAKIN' THEIR TANKS OUTA **RUBBER!** IT'S A WHOLE BLASTED **DIVISION!**

AN' I BETCHA THERE AIN'T ONE OF 'EM KNOWS WHAT A SQUARE MEAL EVEN LOOKS LIKE!

THEY LOOK LIKE JUST ONE THING TO ME -- **TROUBLE!**



KNOCK OFF WITH THE SOUR APPLES, TATLER! HE'S TRYIN' TO TELL US SOMETHIN'!

LOOKS LIKE HE WANTS US TO GO WITH 'IM!



HEY, LISTEN! ARE WE HEADED FOR REST CAMP, OR NOT? WE GOT NO TIME TO STALL AROUND HERE TRYIN' TO SAVVY WHAT THESE LITTLE--

GET THIS THROUGH YER HEAD, TATLER! THERE AIN'T NO KID LIVIN' I GOT NO TIME FER-- IF HE'S IN A JAM!

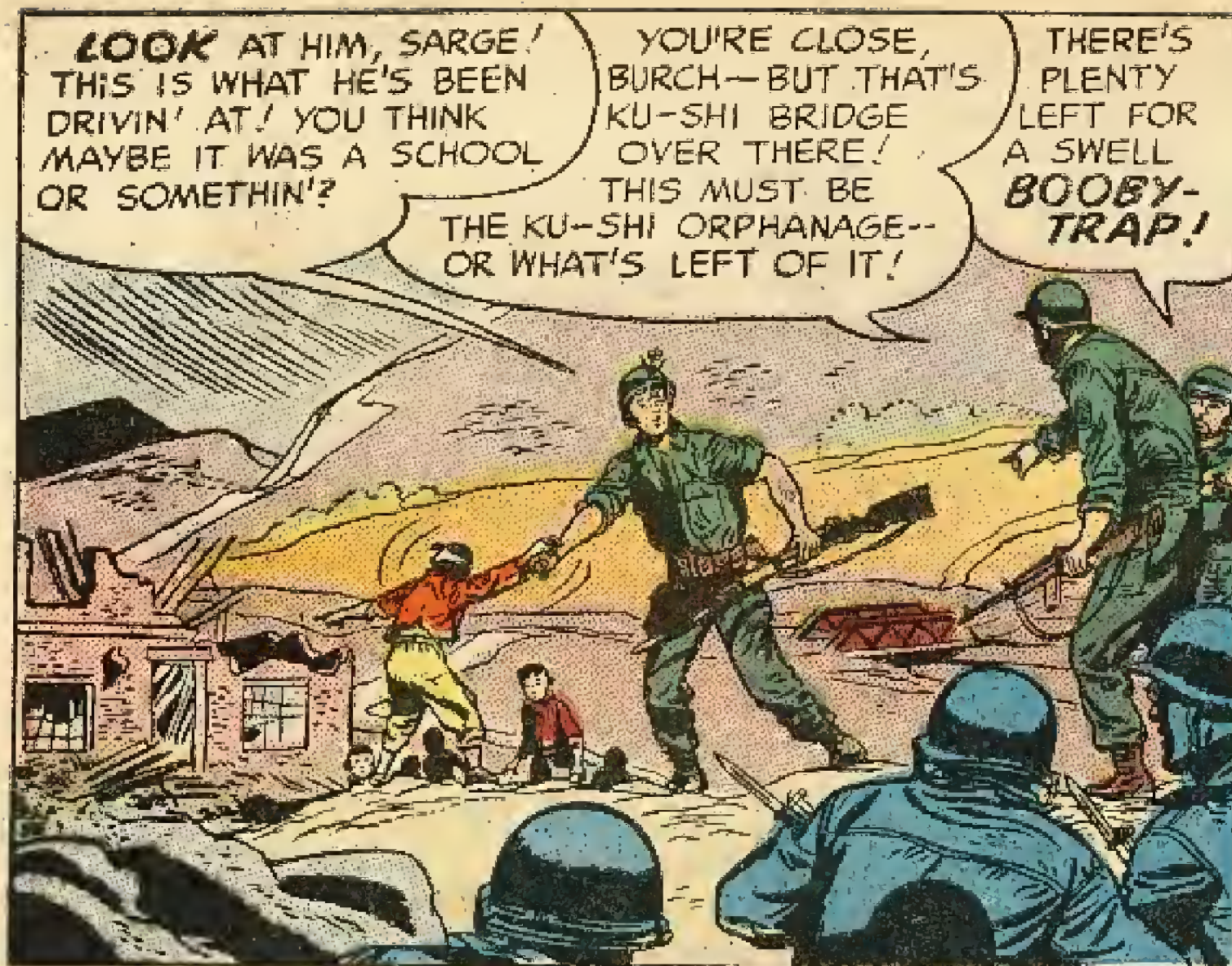


POOR LITTLE GUY... HE CAN'T TELL US WHAT HE WANTS TO, BUT HE'S KNOCKIN' HIMSELF OUT TRYIN'!



OKAY, MEN! WE'RE GONNA HAVE A LOOK AT WHAT THEY WANT US TO SEE! FIX BAYONETS--JUST IN CASE!





LOOK AT HIM, SARGE!  
THIS IS WHAT HE'S BEEN  
DRIVIN' AT! YOU THINK  
MAYBE IT WAS A SCHOOL  
OR SOMETHIN'?

YOU'RE CLOSE,  
BURCH—BUT THAT'S  
KU-SHI BRIDGE  
OVER THERE!  
THIS MUST BE  
THE KU-SHI ORPHANAGE—  
OR WHAT'S LEFT OF IT!

THERE'S  
PLENTY  
LEFT FOR  
A SWELL  
**BOOBY-  
TRAP!**



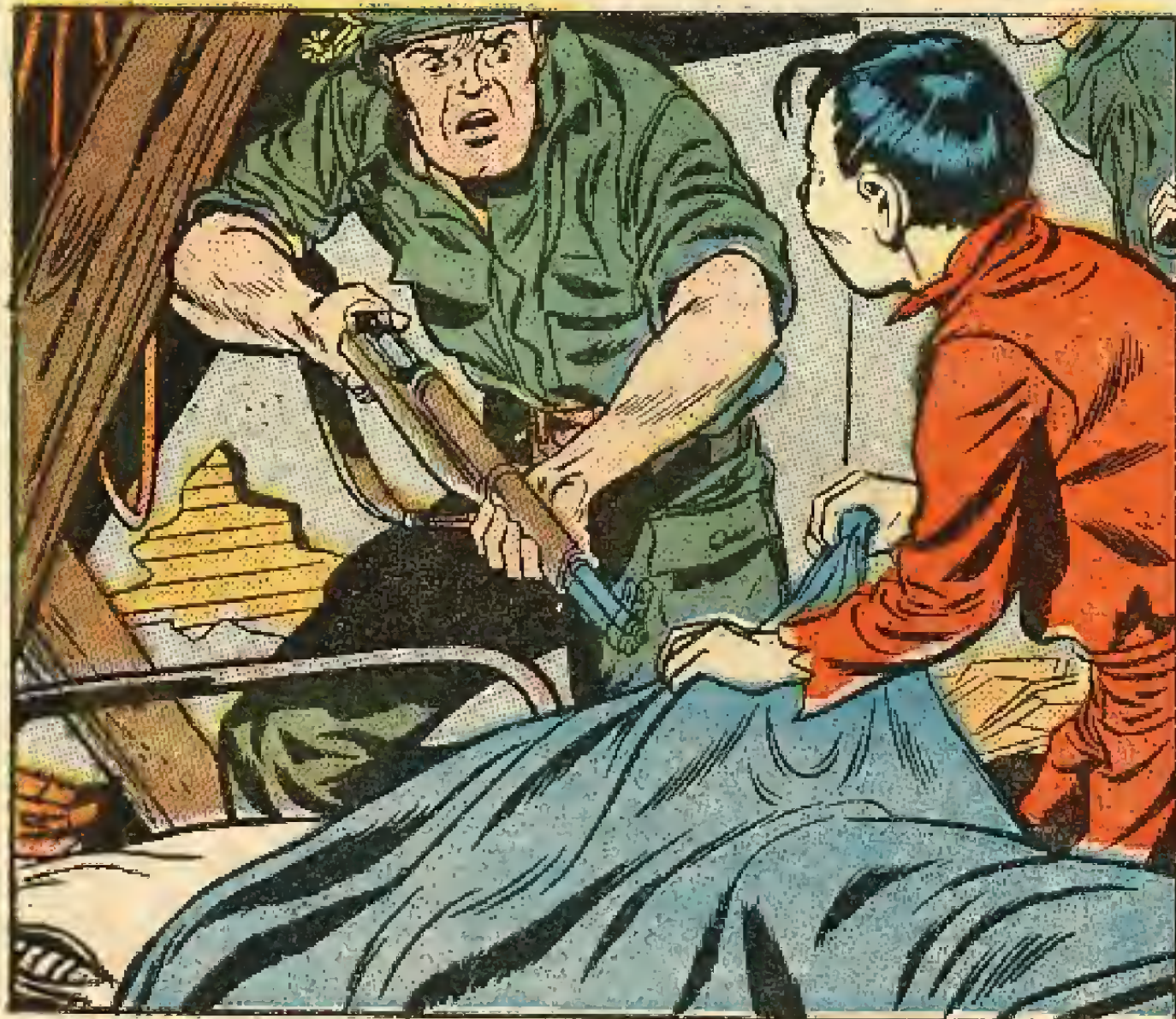
HOW **ABOUT** THAT,  
SARGE? HE'S TRYIN'  
TO TELL US "NO  
GUNS"!

KEEP ON THE READY,  
MEN -- BUT WE'RE  
GOIN' IN!



THERE'S SOMEBODY  
OVER THERE, SARGE!

EASY, BURCH! **CARE-  
FUL'S** STILL THE WORD!



**MEDICS** IS THE WORD  
NOW, SARGE—AND **QUICK!!**



MINUTES LATER ...

I'M AFRAID WE'RE TOO LATE, SERGEANT! SHE'S LOST TOO MUCH BLOOD!

AN OLD WOMAN - AND KIDS! THAT'S WHY THEY WERE HIDIN' IN THAT TANK! THEY THOUGHT WE MIGHT BE COMMIES, TOO! --- THE RATS! THE LOUSY RED RATS! SHELLIN' AN ORPHANAGE!

CHIL-REN ... MY CHIL-REN...

I--NO LEAVE... MY CHIL-REN...! NO LEAVE...!



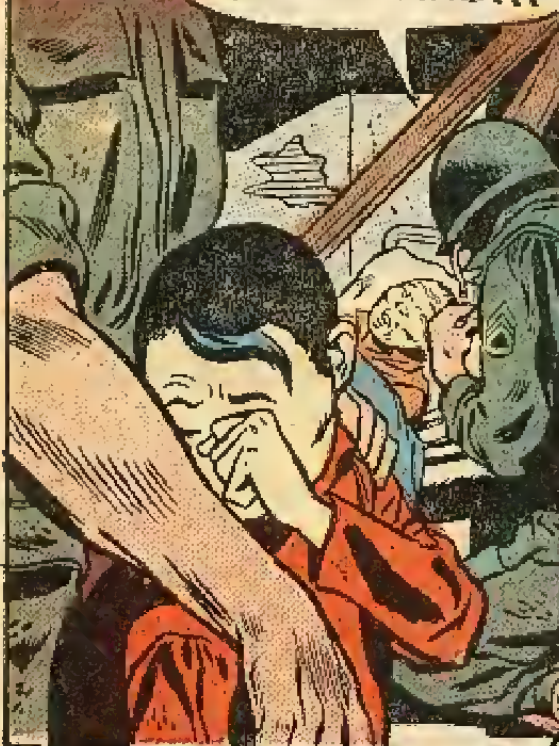
WE - TAKE CARE - YOUR CHIL-REN! YOU SAVVY? WE TAKE CARE!!!

AMEL-ICAN SO-JER... TAKE CARE...?

YOU BET WE TAKE CARE!

RIGHT, MEN?

RIGHT!!!



SHE'S GONE, SARGE-- BUT SHE WAS SMILIN'!

JUST A MINUTE, MULVANEY...

... LOOKS TO ME LIKE YOU'VE FORGOTTEN SOMETHIN'! WE BEEN ORDERED TO REST CAMP! YOU GOT NO BUSINESS SIGNIN' US UP AS BABY-SITTERS!!!







TATLER'S RIGHT, MEN! ORDERS IS ORDERS--BUT HOW MANY OF YA ARE FER BENDIN' A FEW?

ALL OF US, SARGE!

RIGHT, YOU GUYS?

YOU SAID IT, JOE!

WE'RE WITH YA, SARGE!



WELL, YOU CAN'T ORDER ME TO STAY! AN' WHEN LIEUTENANT PARKER FINDS OUT WHAT'S GOIN' ON--

THAT'S RIGHT, TATLER--YOU BE SURE AN' TELL 'IM! 'TATTLE-TALE' TATLER! GET A GOOD **REST** FER YOURSELF WHILE YOU'RE SNITCHIN'!



AND WITH "TATTLE-TALE" TATLER OFF TO REST CAMP...

OKAY, MEN--FALL TO! **FIRST** THING, WE GET THIS PLACE CLEANED UP! THEN WE RUSTLE SOME FOOD, AN'--

AN' SOME **BATHS!** MAYBE WE CAN SCARE UP A COUPLE OF SMILES--AFTER WE GET RID OF TH' DIRT!

AND BY NIGHTFALL...



I JUS' CHASED THIS OL' CHICKEN TILL IT FELL DOWN! I SURE HOPE IT DIDN'T RUN ALL ITS MEAT OFF!

MOM OUGHTA SEE WHAT I'VE DONE TO THE WAY SHE MAKES MINESTRONE! -- TASTES **HOT** ANYWAY!

I PLUGGED UP THE CRACKS WITH CHEWIN' GUM! IT'LL HOLD ENOUGH WATER TO GET 'EM CLEAN!

SOON...



AND BEFORE BEDTIME...



WHAT'D I TELL YA, SARGE? LOOKIT THAT SMILE!

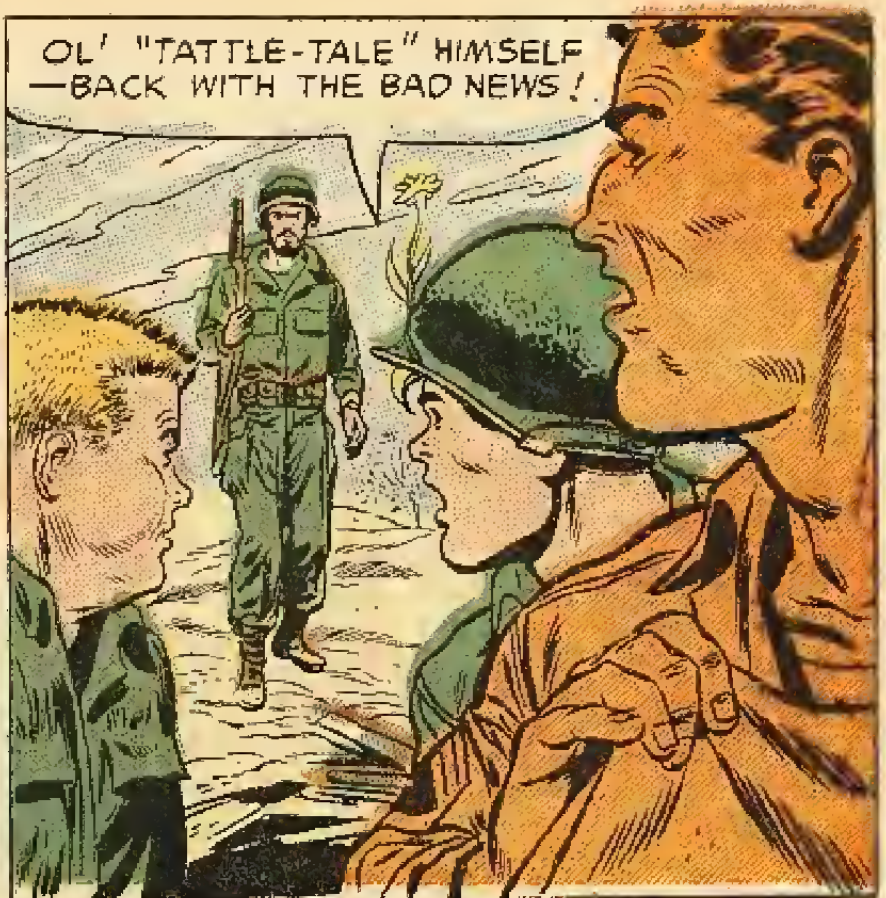


THE NEXT MORNING...



GLAD WE GOT SUN FOR GETTIN' THESE DUDS DRY!

HEY, FELLERS--  
**LOOK!!!**



OL' "TATTLE-TALE" HIMSELF  
—BACK WITH THE BAD NEWS!



OKAY, YOU GUYS—YOU GOT ANOTHER HAND! -- WHERE'S THE SOAP?



'ATTA BOY, TATLER! I KNEW YOU WOULDN'T LET US DOWN! I'M APPOINTING YOU AN' BURCH TO TAKE THE KIDS OVER TO THE BRIDGE FOR GAMES AND STUFF! WE FOUND AN OLD FOOTBALL AROUND, AN' JUST WAIT 'TIL YOU SEE THEM SCRIMMAGE!

BUT UP ON A NEARBY HILL...



SO! WEAKLING AMEL-ICANS WASH GARMENTS FOR GENEVA MAN!

WE HAVE MORTARS TRAINED ON SCENE COLONEL!

I GIVE ORDER THAT WE FIRE?

PIG-OF-A-PIG! WE WAIT! — WE WATCH— THEN WE USE WEAPON **HUNDRED TIMES MORE DESTRUCTIVE!** NEVER WILL YOU BE MORE THAN **STUPID** FOOT SOLDIER — WITHOUT USE OF **BRAIN!**



AND A FEW HOURS LATER...



AH! AMEL-ICANS NOW MARCH VICTIMS TOWARD BRIDGE!

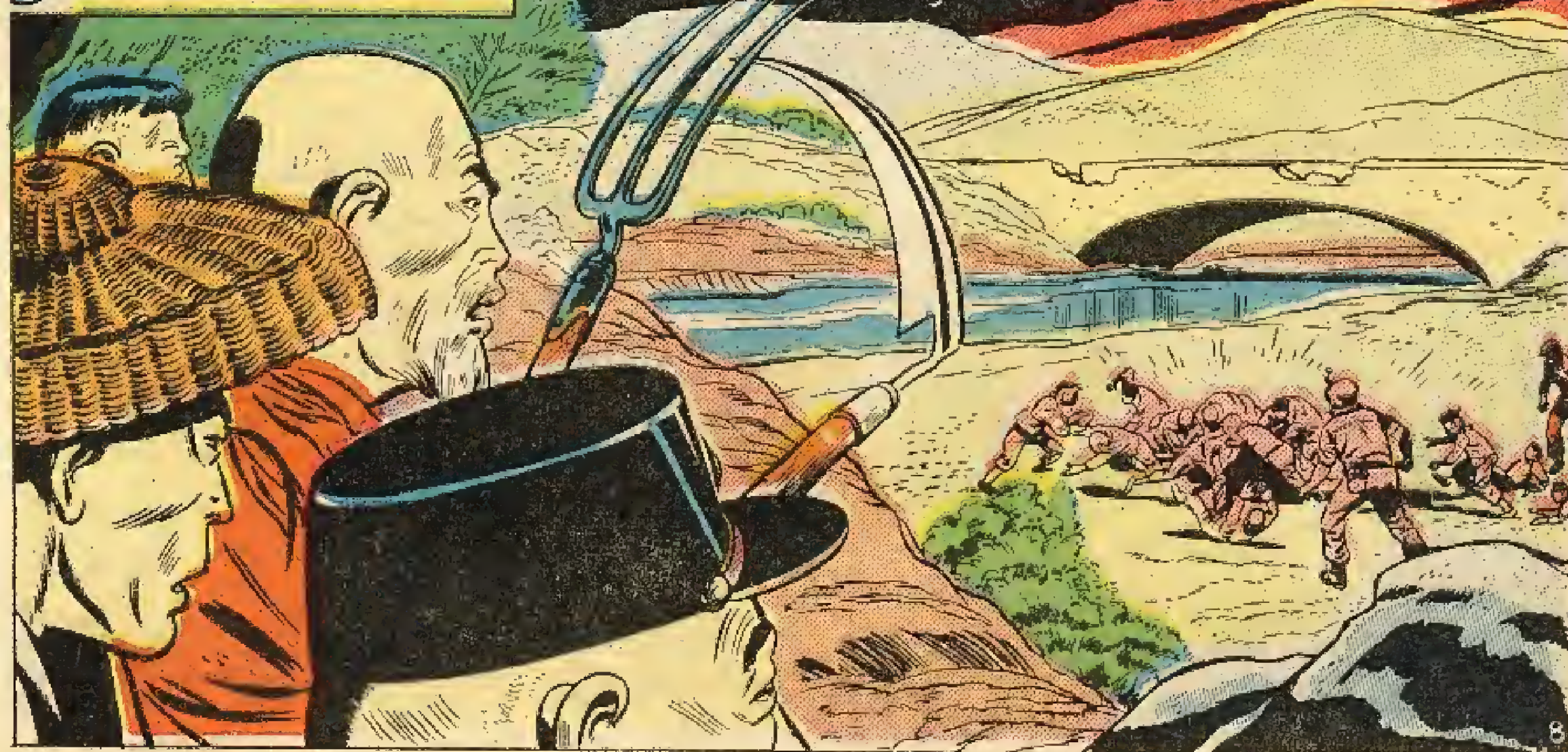
COME! YOU WILL SEE MOST **POWERFUL** WEAPON **PUT TO USE!!!**



BEFORE LONG, IN THE NEARBY VILLAGE...



BUT A MOMENT LATER...







I WAS WRONG—THERE IS NO SLAUGHTER—  
**BUT... THEY TEACH THEM WAR!**

**YES! YES! THEY FIGHT!**

**JOE!!! LOOK!!!**

**KILL! KILL!**

**SAVE CHIL-REN !!!**

**SCRAM, YOU KIDS! SCRAM!!**

THEY HAVEN'T ANY GUNS,  
JOE! I'LL FIRE OVER THEIR HEADS!



**AND TATLER'S SHOT WAS HEARD AT THE ORPHANAGE. MINUTES LATER...**



THEY'RE UNARMED, MEN! KEEP YOUR FIRE OVER THEIR HEADS—BUT **SCARE** 'EM WITH EVERYTHIN' YA GOT!

**KILL! KILL!**

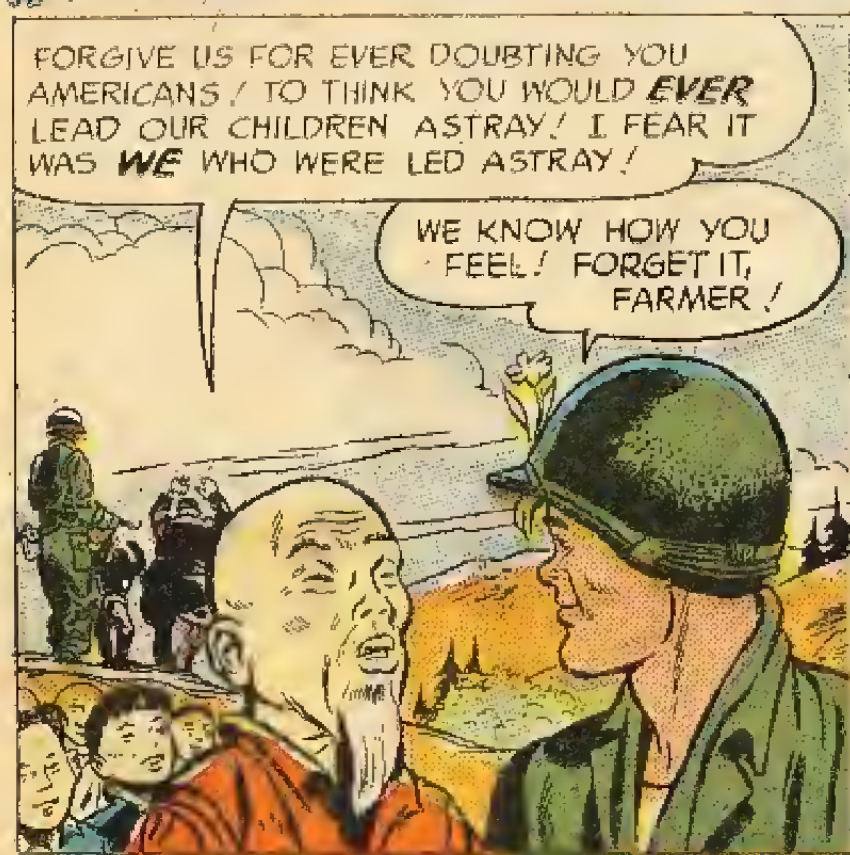
**ZING!**  
ZING!



**CALL OFF YER DOGS, YA PINKO RAT, OR I'LL BUST YA TO A BLASTED CIVILIAN!**

**I SURRENDER!**

**AND SOON, THE COMMUNISTS ARE LED AWAY...**



FORGIVE US FOR EVER DOUBTING YOU AMERICANS! TO THINK YOU WOULD **EVER** LEAD OUR CHILDREN ASTRAY! I FEAR IT WAS **WE** WHO WERE LED ASTRAY!

WE KNOW HOW YOU FEEL! FORGET IT, FARMER!



THE COLONEL CALLED THIS A "MASSACRE." AH! IF **ALL** MASSACRES COULD BE SUCH AS THIS!

**THE END**



# G.I. Joe

in

## "OH, BABE!"

AS FAR AS "BAKER" COMPANY KNEW, THERE WAS ONLY ONE LETTER THAT HAD MADE A LASTING IMPRESSION ON SERGEANT MULVANEY: IT STARTED OUT WITH "GREETINGS...". WHEN PVT. SHAG ROBBINS STARTED WRITING TO "BABE", MULVANEY FELT THAT HIS "PROFESSIONAL TOUCH" WAS NEEDED...



AH, DON'T KNOW HOW AH'M GONNA GIT TO TH' BOTTOM O' THIS PAGE! AH'VE TOLD BABE JEST ABOUT EVERYTHIN' — BUT IT SURE DON'T **LOOK** LIKE MUCH!

WHAT'SA MATTER, ROBBINS? Y'GOT TH' BENDS?

LETTER WRITIN' DON'T COME EASY T'ME, SARGE! AH LIKES TO LET BABE KNOW WHAT'S GOIN' ON, BUT...

WHAT'S SO TOUGH ABOUT KNOCKIN' OFF A LETTER TO YER GAL? HERE — LEMME SEE...

BUT, SARGE! "DEAR BABE... I AM JUST FINE. EVERYTHING HERE IS JUST FINE. JOE AND MY OTHER BUDDIES ARE FINE. THERE IS LOTS WE DON'T GET TO EAT, BUT WHAT WE GET IS JUST FINE..."

WHAT KINDA LETTER IS THIS TO SEND A DAME? GIMME THAT PENCIL!

SARGE... LISTEN! AH GOTTA TELL YA — DOWN, BOY! I'LL SHOW YA HOW TO WRITE A LETTER THAT GETS RESULTS!

"DEAR BABE... AS I'M LYIN' HERE LOOKIN' UP AT TH' WINKIN' STARS, I CAN'T THINK ABOUT ANYTHIN' EXCEPT YER BIG GORGEOUS EYES..."





LATER...



...AN' HE MADE ME COPY IT OFF AN' MAIL IT, JOE! TH' SARGE JUS' WOULDN'T LISTEN TO WHAT I HAD T' SAY!

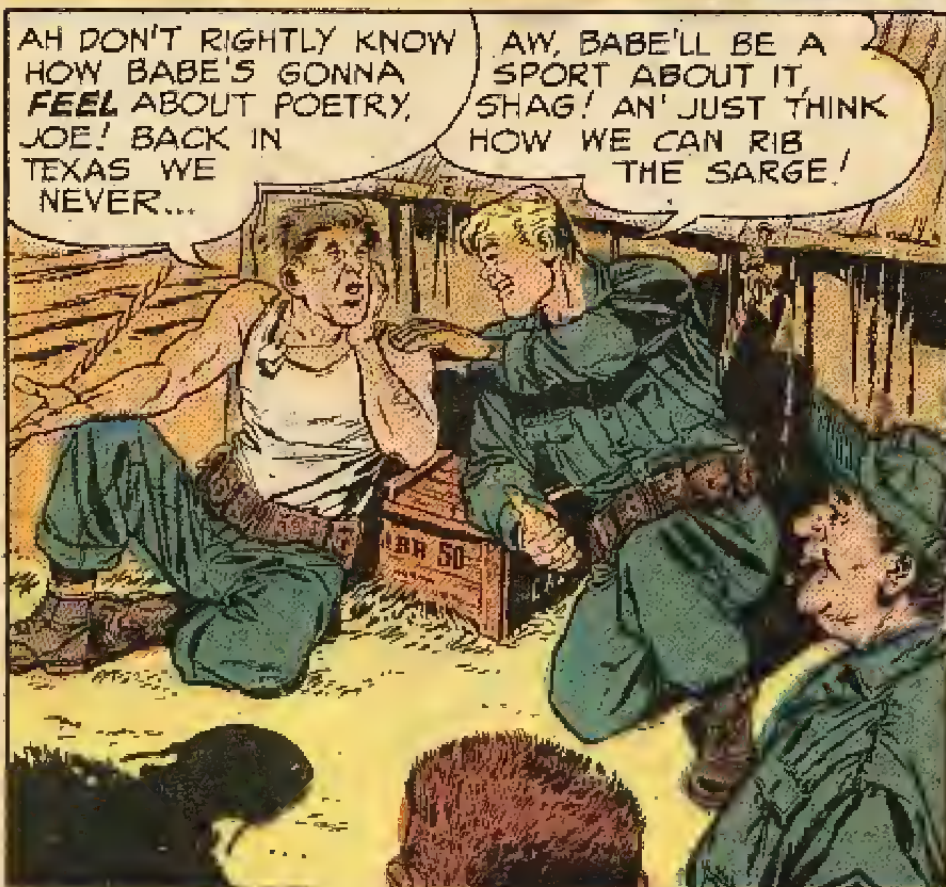
IT'S HIS OWN FAULT, SHAG! YOU **TRIED** TO TELL HIM!



AH SURE DID... BUT HE TOLD ME AH WAS REAL UNGRATEFUL! HE SAID AH DIDN'T HAVE NO POETRY IN MAH SOUL!

**BOY!** IS THIS ONE ON MULVANEY!

"WINKIN' STARS"! OH, **BROTHER!!!**



AH DON'T RIGHTLY KNOW HOW BABE'S GONNA **FEEL** ABOUT POETRY, JOE! BACK IN TEXAS WE NEVER...

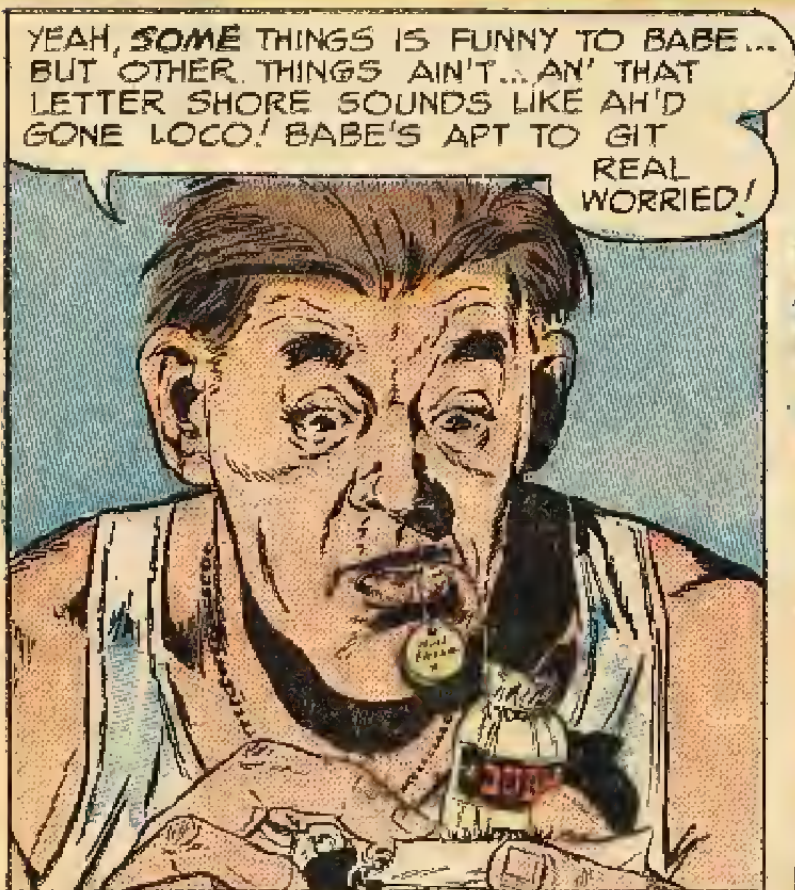
AW, BABE'LL BE A SPORT ABOUT IT, SHAG! AN' JUST THINK HOW WE CAN RIB THE SARGE!



WELL... IF YOU THINK BABE WON'T BE TAKIN' NO OFFENSE...

"COURSE NOT! IT'S ONLY A JOKE! RIGHT, YOU GUYS?"

SURE! AN' BABE'S GOT A SWELL SENSE O' HUMOR, SHAG! YOU TOLD US SO YOURSELF!



YEAH, **SOME** THINGS IS FUNNY TO BABE... BUT OTHER THINGS AIN'T... AN' THAT LETTER SHORE SOUNDS LIKE AH'D GONE LOCO! BABE'S APT TO GIT REAL WORRIED!

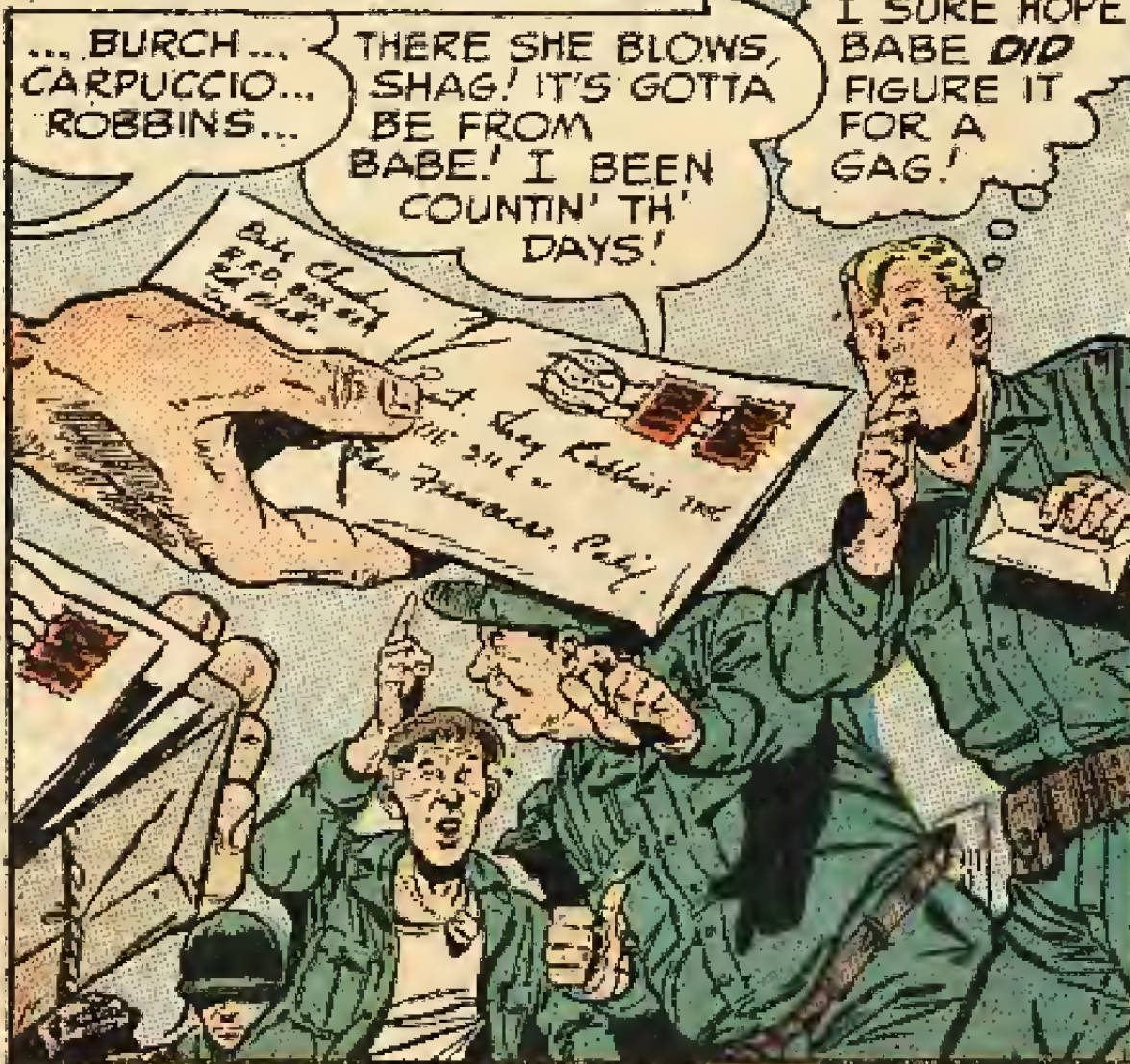


IF WE DIDN'T HAVE TO WAIT SO LONG FER BABE'S ANSWER, WE COULD START TAKIN' MULVANEY APART RIGHT **NOW!**

THROTTLE DOWN, CARP! SHAG'LL GET AN ANSWER BEFORE Y'KNOW IT! AN' THE SARGE'S FACE'LL BE WORTH **WAITIN'** TO SEE!



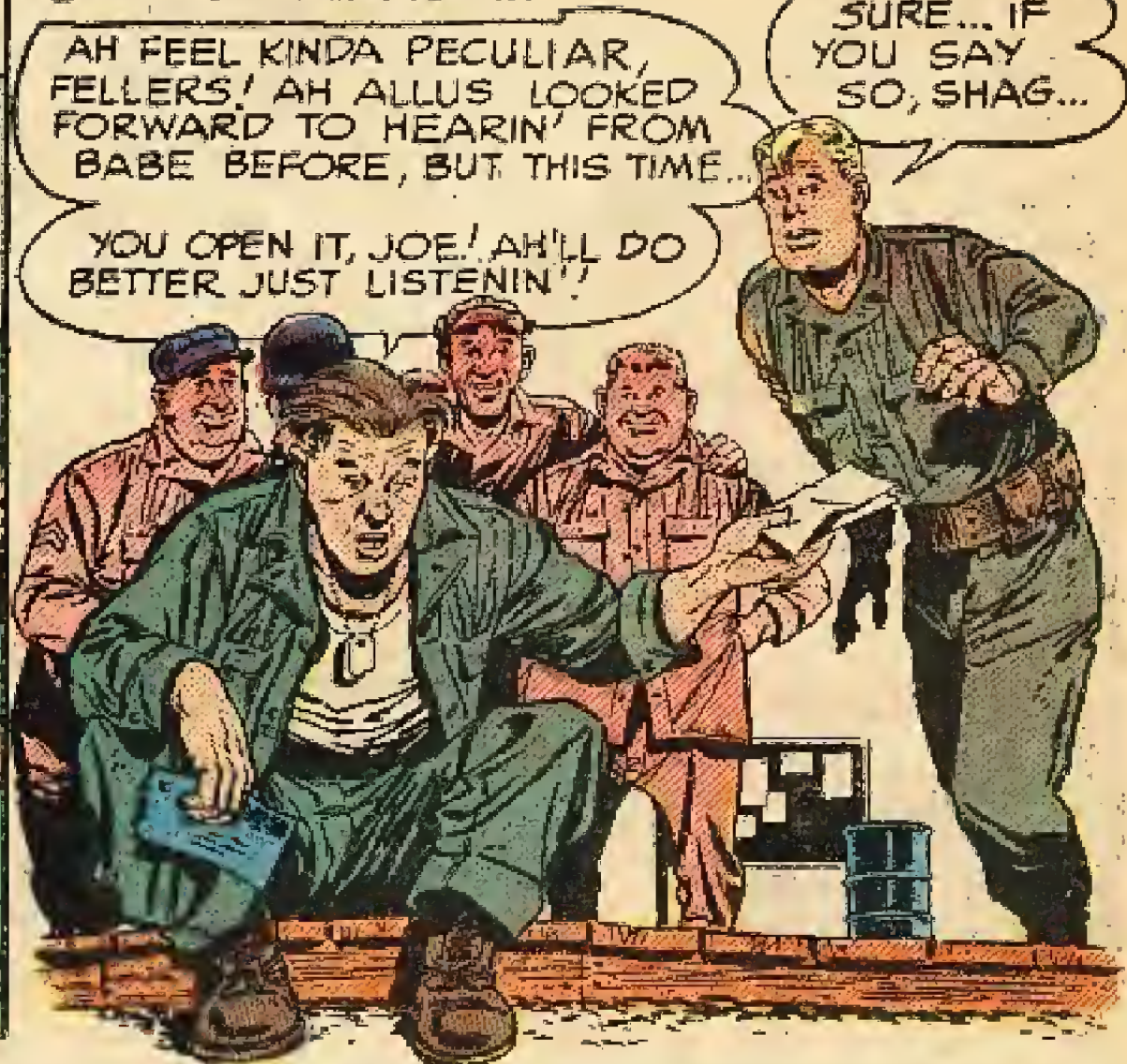
MAIL CALL, A MONTH LATER...



... BURCH... CARPUCCIO... ROBBINS... THERE SHE BLOWS, SHAG! IT'S GOTTA BE FROM BABE! I BEEN COUNTIN' TH' DAYS!

I SURE HOPE BABE **DID** FIGURE IT FOR A GAG!

IN A FEW MINUTES...



AH FEEL KINDA PECULIAR, FELLERS! AH ALLUS LOOKED FORWARD TO HEARIN' FROM BABE BEFORE, BUT THIS TIME... YOU OPEN IT, JOE! AH'LL DO BETTER JUST LISTENIN'!

SURE... IF YOU SAY SO, SHAG...



OKAY... QUIET, YOU GUYS...! "DEAR SHAG—AFTER READING YOUR LETTER, I BEEN WONDERING IF THINGS ARE AS FINE AS YOU BEEN SAYING THEY WERE RIGHT ALONG. DID YOU MAYBE EAT SOMETHING THAT DIDN'T SIT SO GOOD...?"



"...I'VE KNOWN YOU A LONG TIME, SHAG... AND HOW YOUR STOMACH SORT OF ACTS UP EVERY NOW AND THEN... AND IF YOU **WAS** SICK WHEN YOU WROTE, I'LL SURE BE GLAD TO HEAR YOU'RE FINE AGAIN..."

FINALLY GET A LETTER FROM THAT GAL OF YOURS, ROBBINS?



HERE IT IS, SARGE... AN' AH SURE DON'T THINK BABE'S ANY TOO--

LEMME SEE!



**SICK** WHEN YA WROTE, HUHE WHAT KINDA DUMB DAME YOU GOT, ANYHOW? GIMME A PICTURE! I GOTTA SEE WHAT THIS BABE LOOKS LIKE!

A PICTURE... OF **BABE**? AH AIN'T NEVER CARRIED ONE, SARGE! THAT'D BE SILLY!

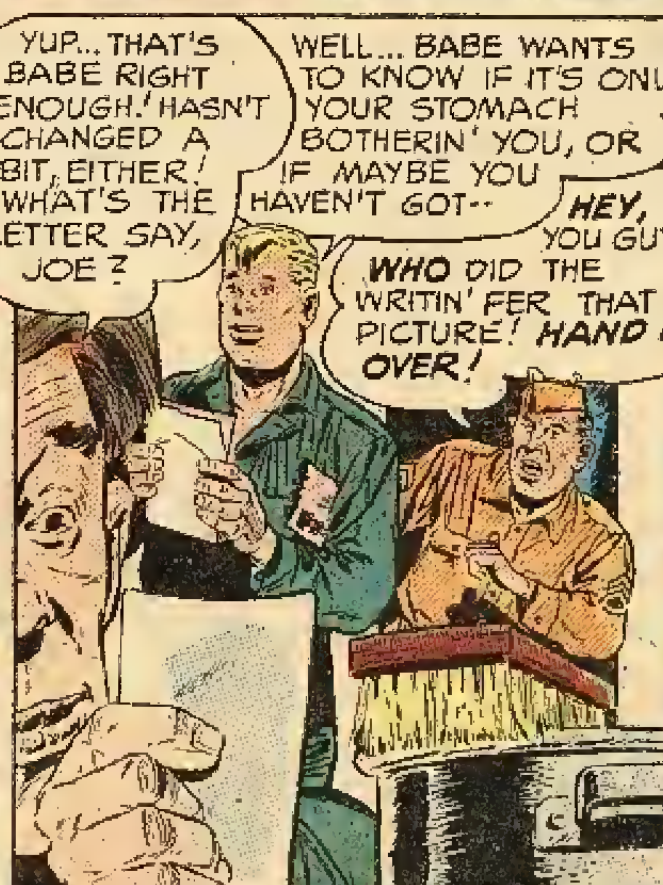
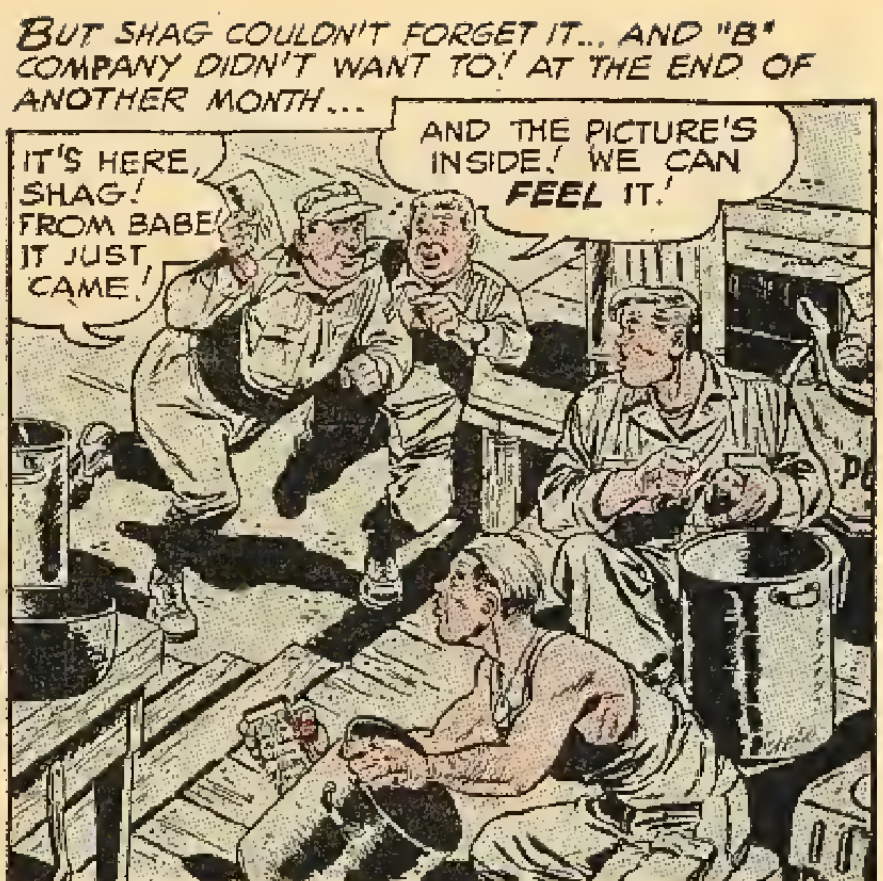


I DON'T KNOW WHY I'M GENEROUS ENOUGH TO OVERLOOK YER STUPIDITY, ROBBINS... BUT COME ON! YOU AN' ME IS GONNA WRITE FER BABE'S PICTURE! NO **WONDER** YOU BEEN PEGGED FER A **SQUARE**!

BUT, SARGE!

IT'S GETTIN' BETTER'N WE THOUGHT!!







# G.I. Joe's

## Pen Pals



OUR G.I.'S IN KOREA WANT AND NEED MAIL. THE LEAST WE CAN DO IS TO FILL THIS SIMPLE REQUEST. THIS IS YOUR PAGE. EVERY MONTH, LETTERS FROM OUR READERS WILL BE PUBLISHED IN G.I. JOE ON THIS, OUR "PEN PALS" PAGE. G.I.'S WHO ARE INTERESTED CAN CONTACT THE CORRESPONDENTS WE LIST.

**WINNIE and JOAN HOWARD, 83 ST. JOHNS RD., WALTHAMSTOW E17, LONDON, ENGLAND.** Winnie is 26 years old, Joan is 22. They would like to correspond with G. I.'s in the States and in Korea.

★ ★ ★

**GRACE AMENT, WORTHINGTON, IOWA** . . . 16 years old, 5 feet 2 inches tall. Blonde hair, green eyes. Hobbies: cooking, sewing and reading. Grace enjoys basketball, baseball and other sports . . . Would like to write to G. I.'s in Korea.

★ ★ ★

**HELEN McHALE, 210 E. CENTRE ST., CENTRALIA, PA.** . . . 17 years old, 5 feet 5 inches tall, brown hair. She enjoys dancing, skating, and letter-writing. Helen says, "I would like to write to a boy in Korea."

★ ★ ★

**THELMA SILVA, 559 CYPRESS AVENUE, SUNNYVALE, CALIF.** . . . 18 years old, 5 feet 7 inches tall, and weighs 130 pounds. Brown hair, brown eyes. Hobbies: dancing, baseball and football. "I would like to write to G. I.'s who aren't receiving much mail . . . I will gladly answer all letters I receive," writes Thelma.

**PAUL GLEESON, 215 FOURTH STREET, SCOTIA, N. Y.** . . . "I'm sure most G. I.'s would rather write to girls than to me. But I would like to correspond with our boys in service. I like baseball, football, and I collect stamps."

★ ★ ★

**JOANNE McCABE, 212 DELAWARE ST., SYRACUSE, N. Y.** . . . 17 years old, 5 feet 2 inches tall. Brown hair, blue eyes. Basketball, baseball, roller skating and dancing are just a few of her hobbies. "I would appreciate any and all letters. Write and tell me about yourself and your interests." She likes to be called "Jo."

★ ★ ★

**MARY SHRIVER, BOX 267, BARTON, MARYLAND** . . . 17 years old, 5 feet 5 inches tall, brown hair, blue eyes. Hobbies: dancing, singing, camping and fishing. Mary would like to correspond with G. I.'s.

★ ★ ★

**MICHELE BAILECK, 8028 KIRKWOOD AVE., DETROIT 10, MICH.** . . . 21 years old. Michele writes, "Anyone can write to me and I'll answer. I will send mail and packages to G. I.'s."



**GERALDINE YANKE, 337 N. PRIOR AVE., ST. PAUL 4, MINN. . . .** 17 years old, 5 feet 3 inches tall, weighs 110 pounds. Brown hair, blue eyes. Nickname is "Gerry." She would like to write to G. I.'s. "If I could cheer up some G. I.," Geraldine says, "I would be happy to know I did some good . . ."

★ ★ ★

**BILL CRAWFORD, 410 E. JEFFERSON, IOWA CITY, IOWA . . .** "I would like very much to be a pen-pal to some G. I. in Korea . . . and feel as if I were helping . . ." writes Bill.

★ ★ ★

**JUNE BARRINEAU, 22 LINE ST., CHARLESTON, S. C. . . .** 18 years old, 5 feet 3 inches tall, blonde hair, blue eyes. Hobbies: collecting photographs, dancing and swimming. "I will answer all the letters I receive. Maybe I can cheer up somebody who likes to receive mail . . . By the way, my friends call me 'Doke'," June writes.

★ ★ ★

**VERTRICE TRIMBLE, R. F. D. #1, JEFFERSONVILLE, OHIO . . .** 16½ years old, 5 feet 4½ inches tall. Brown hair, brown eyes. Vertrice loves to write letters and wants to correspond with G. I.'s.

★ ★ ★

**NANCY JONES, P. O. BOX 32, TRANQUILITY, CALIF. . . .** 16 years old, 5 feet 6 inches tall. Brown hair, blue eyes. Nancy likes music, tennis and baking. "If some of the boys would like to receive some cookies, I will try to send them some. I promise to answer all letters promptly and will exchange snapshots."

**PHYLLIS ROGERS, 7615 N. W. 4th AVE., MIAMI, FLA. . . .** 25 years old, 5 feet tall, weighs 100 pounds. Brown hair, green eyes. ". . . Maybe I can help cheer someone up in the Service," Phyllis says.

★ ★ ★

**BILLY PILAND, 1941 W. HURON STREET, CHICAGO, ILL. . . .** Billy would like to correspond with a pen-pal in Korea. He likes sports, with an accent on baseball.

★ ★ ★

**PAT MILLS, 120 MT. AVE., ASHLAND, OREGON . . .** 16 years old, 5 feet 6 inches tall, weighs 119 pounds. Brown hair, brown eyes. "I enjoy going to football and basketball games," Pat writes. "I would love to receive some photographs of some G. I. in the states or overseas."

★ ★ ★

**VIOLET SHIPP, R. F. D. #1, SOMERSET, VA. . . .** 16 years old, 5 feet 3 inches tall, brown hair, brown eyes. Hobbies: reading, writing, and sports. Violet says, "I'll enjoy writing to anyone who would like to write to me."

★ ★ ★

**JUNE BALL, 1567 PINGREE ST., LINCOLN PARK, MICH. . . .** 18 years old. June would like to write to servicemen. She feels this is the least she can do to help the boys.

**This is your page—Send us your letters**



# BUDDIES

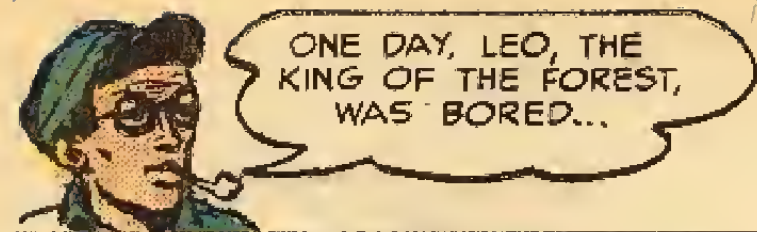
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## EAGER BEAVER

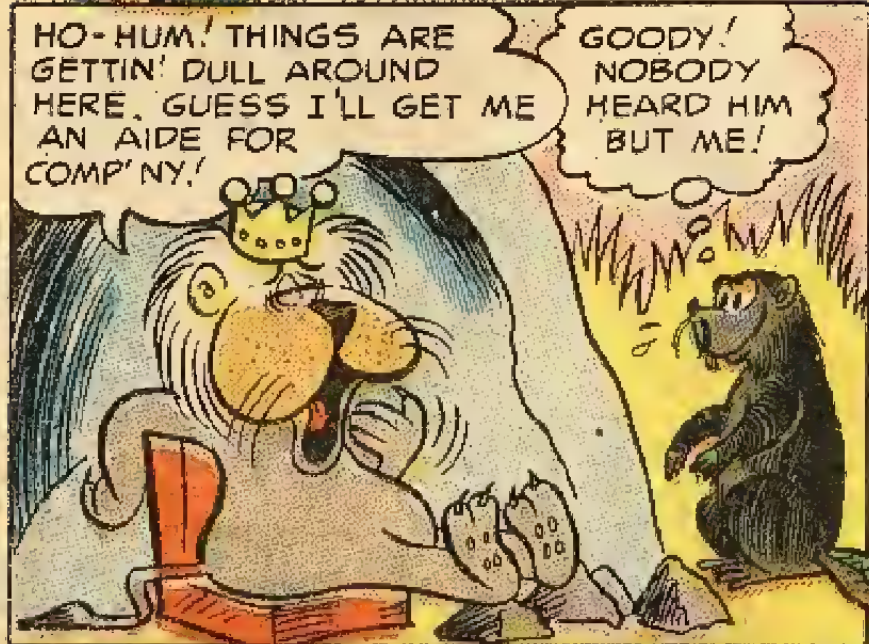
REST IN A REAR AREA SEEMED PRETTY CLOSE TO HEAVEN TO SGT. HENSHAW'S MEN -- UNTIL A NEW RECRUIT, PFC MELVIN MCCORKLE, TURNED UP WITH ONE OF THE ARMY'S OLDEST PROBLEMS...







ONE DAY, LEO, THE KING OF THE FOREST, WAS BORED...



HO-HUM! THINGS ARE GETTIN' DULL AROUND HERE. GUESS I'LL GET ME AN AIDE FOR COMP'NY!

GOODY! NOBODY HEARD HIM BUT ME!



WHAT GOT INTO HIM? THERE GONNA BE A WATER SHORTAGE?

NO, HE THINKS WE AREN'T WISE, BUT HE'S TRYIN' TO IMPRESS KING LEO. IT'S GETTIN' UNDER OUR FUR!

"FINALLY, THE BEAVERS HELD A CONFERENCE..."

"LATER..."



MY FRIENDS, EDGAR IS BECOMING A MENACE! ALREADY, TOO MANY HUMANS THINK OF US ONLY AS EAGER BEAVERS, INSTEAD OF THE QUIET, SENSIBLE CITIZENS WE ARE. NOW, HERE'S THE PLAN...



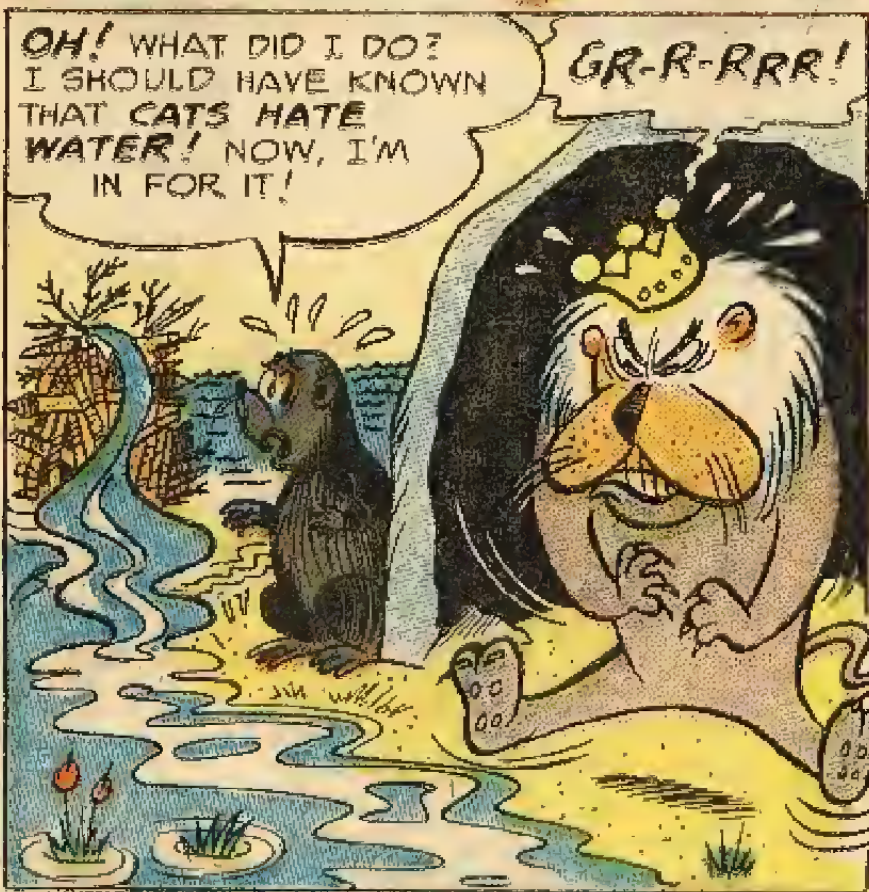
YOU'RE SUCH A GOOD WORKER, EDGAR, - WHY DON'T YOU BUILD ONE OF YOUR FINE DAMS NEAR KING LEO'S DEN, SO HE CAN APPRECIATE IT? AND WE'LL ALL HELP!

GEE, THANKS! I'LL START RIGHT NOW!



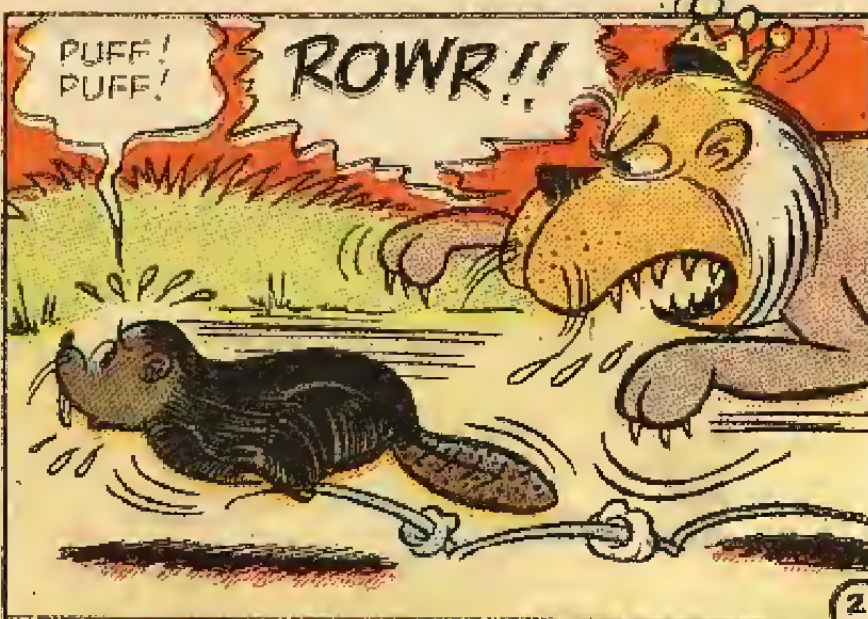
IT'S GONNA WORK, GEORGE! THE DAM'S GETTIN' BIGGER!

YEAH, I GUESS IT'S WORTH THE EFFORT, WILBUR!



OH! WHAT DID I DO? I SHOULD HAVE KNOWN THAT CATS HATE WATER! NOW, I'M IN FOR IT!

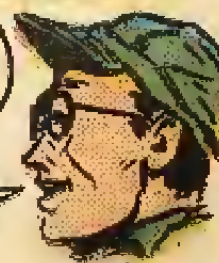
GR-R-RRR!



PUFF! PUFF!

ROWR!!

AND SO, EDGAR, THE BEAVER, WAS CHASED OUT OF THE FOREST BY THE INFURIATED KING OF BEASTS. THIS WAS HIS REWARD FOR BEING TOO AMBITIOUS.







AND NOBODY SAW EDGAR AGAIN!

HA! HA! THAT'S A GOOD ONE, SID!



HEY, FELLAS! **THIS IS IT!** WHAT'RE WE WAITIN' FOR?



PSST! HERE HE COMES!

G'WAN, SKI! HERE'S OUR CHANCE!

HEY, MELVIN! I WANNA TALK TO YA!



I DON'T WANT THE OTHER GUYS TO HEAR THIS, MELVIN. BUT - DIDJA KNOW THERE'S A CORP'RAL'S RATIN' OPEN ON THE T/O?

YA DON'T SAY!



YEAH! AN' YOU'RE A GOOD KID, MELVIN! I'D LIKE TO SEE YA GET IT! NOW, I BEEN IN THIS OUTFIT A LONG TIME, AN' I KNOW ALL THE ANGLES!

THAT'S REAL GOOD OF YA, SKI! GOSH--- WHAT SHOULD I DO?



STICK CLOSE TO HENSHAW! HE'S GOT AN "IN" WITH THE BRASS! AN' I HAPPEN TO KNOW THERE'S ONLY ONE THING THE OLD DOGFACE LIKES BETTER'N CLEAN GARBAGE CANS--- AN' THAT'S **BEER!**

THANKS, SKI! THAT'S SWELL! I'LL GET GOIN' RIGHT AWAY!



SO, MELVIN'S CAMPAIGN BEGINS...



HEY, SHORTY! WANTA SWAP THAT BEER YA WON?

MAN! THERE AIN'T NOthin' GONNA SEPARATE ME FROM THESE HERE CANS! AIN'T THEY PURTY?



IF YA GIMME ALL OF 'EM, I'LL LET YA HAVE THIS WATCH I GOT FOR CHRISTMAS!

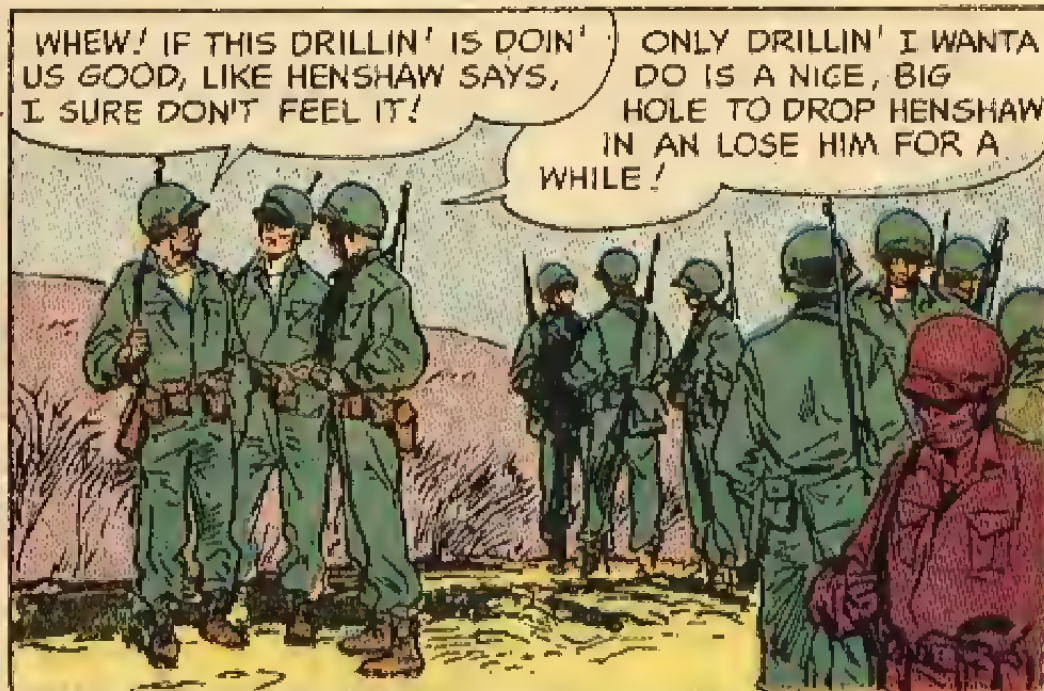
YA CRACKIN' UP OR SOMEthin'? THAT'S WORTH REAL DOUGH!



AW, PLEASE, TAKE IT, SHORTY! PLEASE!

WELL...OKAY, IF YA WANT 'EM THAT BAD! BUT I SURE NEVER THOUGHT ANYBODY COULD BE THIRSTIER THAN ME!

NO SACRIFICE IS TOO GREAT FOR MELVIN...



WHEW! IF THIS DRILLIN' IS DOIN' US GOOD, LIKE HENSHAW SAYS, I SURE DON'T FEEL IT!

ONLY DRILLIN' I WANTA DO IS A NICE, BIG HOLE TO DROP HENSHAW IN AN LOSE HIM FOR A WHILE!



OKAY, YA CAN STOP GRIPIN', YA MUTTONHEADS! YA DON'T DESERVE IT, BUT THE LOOTENANT SAYS YA CAN HAVE AN EXTRA RATION OF BEER!

HENSHAW, I LOVE YA! YER WORDS IS MUSIC TO MY EARS!



HEY, MELVIN, WHAT GIVES? ONE DAY YOU'RE DYIN' FOR BEER, AND NOW YA AIN'T HAVIN' NONE!

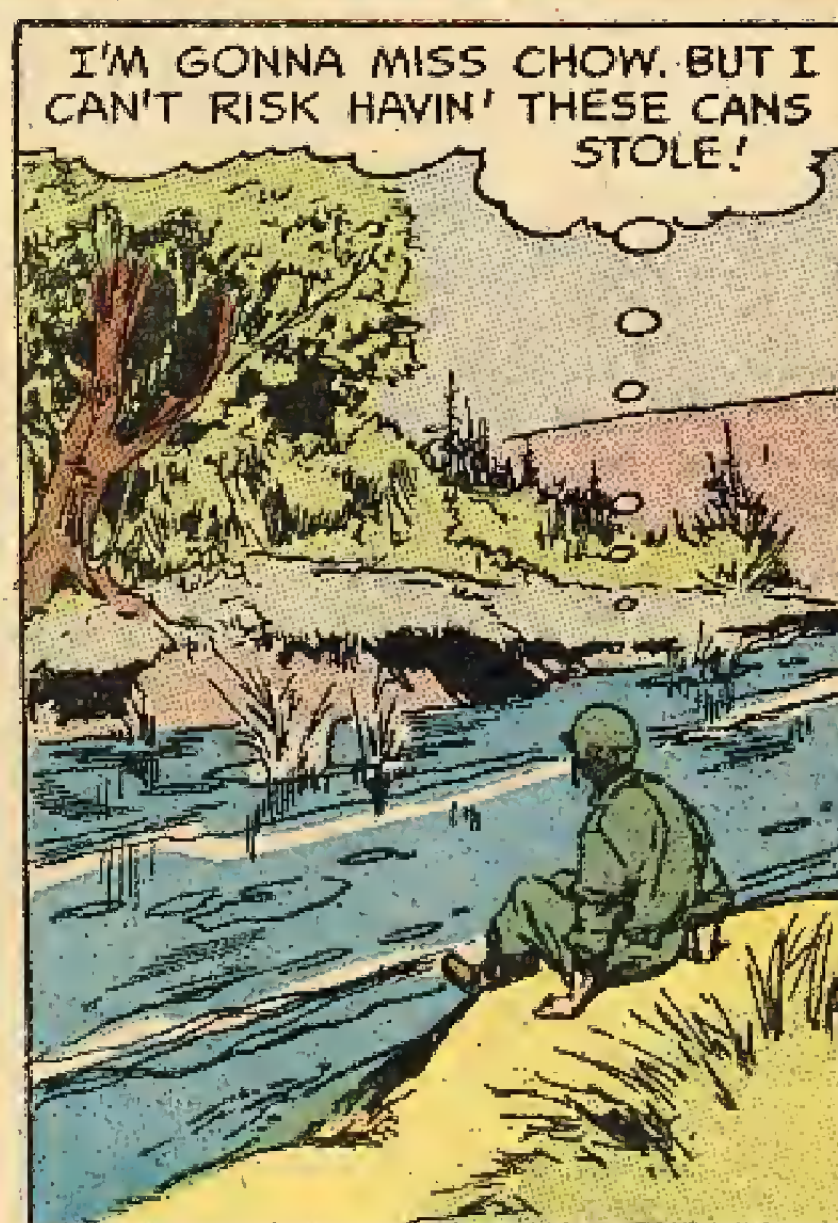
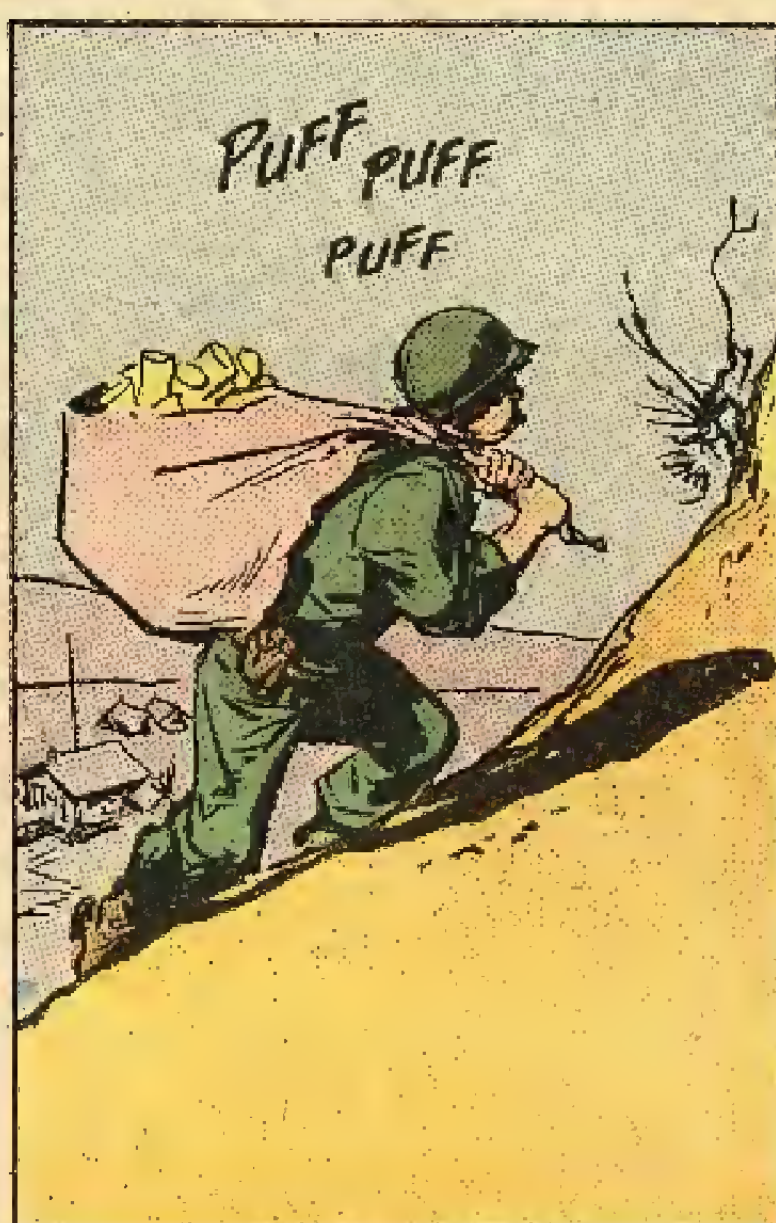
GUESS I JUST AIN'T THIRSTY NOW!



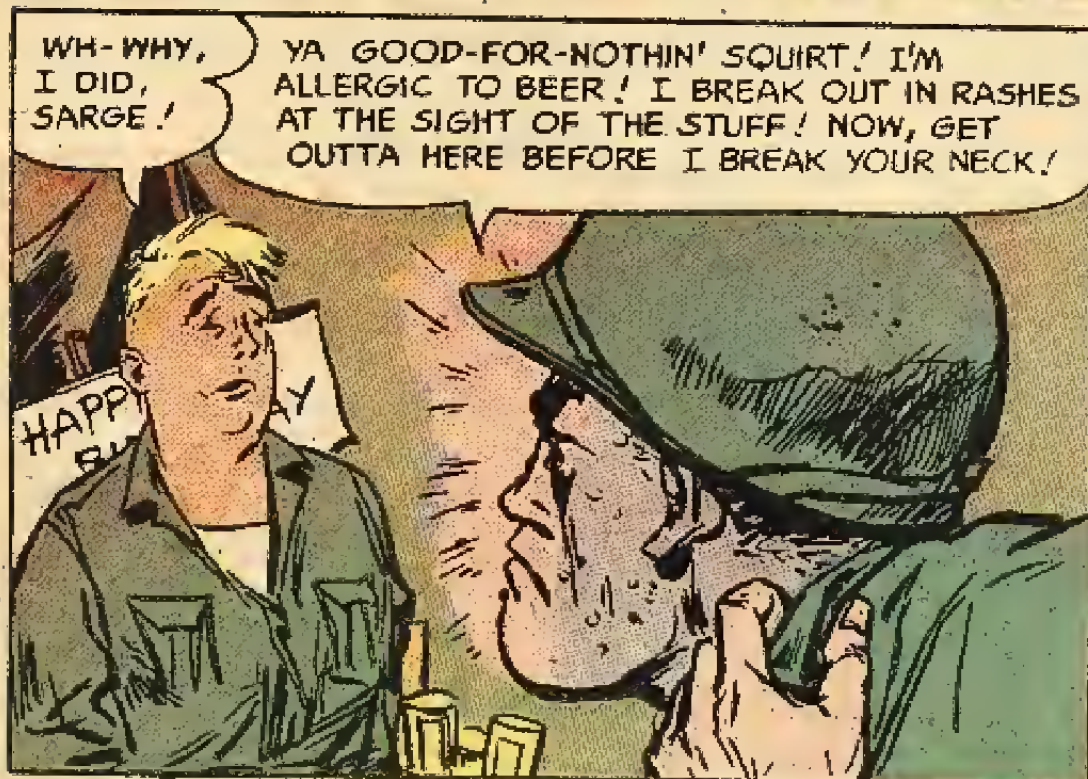
GOLLY, I AIN'T NEVER WANTED A DRINK LIKE I DO NOW! BUT I GOTTA HAVE MORE CANS--- I GOTTA!



AT LAST MELVIN IS READY...









# DEAR GERTRUDE

Somewhere in Korea  
May 17, 1953

Dear Gertrude,

I can't hardly wait to get this written down to you, babe, but here's the Big News that's going to change everything in a big way: *I'm coming home!*

Yep, get that five 'n' dime ring all slicked up, honey, on account of it won't be too long now. Bet you can't wait to see me again, 'cause you must have missed me a lot.

You know me real good, Gertrude—I wouldn't try to fool you about a thing like this. Coming home, I mean, not the ring. Not that the ring isn't big and important to me, too, even if it is so little and hard to find in the dark, but I've been doing much better at poker again, now that a certain Ulysses S. (Sergeant) Scoliaris and me have a clearer understanding of each other, and the way things look now, I ought to be able to do something about a *real* ring by the time I see you, what with the boat trip back to the States taking so long 'n' everything, and having plenty of time to concentrate on my cards.

Gosh, honey, I can't believe I'm going to be kissing Korea "good-bye" and kissing my own wonderful Gertrude a big "hello!" I don't have to tell you that these are two different kinds of kisses! You know what I mean.

When I first heard that the news was on the level, and not just another joke by Sergeant Scoliaris, I was so happy that it was a long time before I could quit pounding Orville Cot on the back. Then I noticed that his eyes were kind of wet and shiny. Not happy wet and shiny, honey, but real blue.

You see, I just took it for granted that Orville was feeling swell about the news, too. But it finally came to me that I was making a big mistake. Orville was feeling awful, and I don't mean to make that sound like a joke either, on account of me having called him "awful Orville" once.

Well, you know me real good, Gertrude, I face up to things. I asked Orville point-blank what was the matter, and that brings me to the second big piece of news I've got for you. After Orville told me what was wrong, I just said to him, "Orville," I said, "you leave everything to me, and

Gertrude won't mind a bit if I—"

Oops! They're blowin' the bugle like crazy, honey. It may be more news about when we're gettin' out of here. I'll finish this soon's I find out.

xxxxxxx (That means kisses)

Your ever-lovin' husband-to-be,  
Sam Cosgrove, Pvt., U. S. Army

★ ★ ★

Somewhere in Korea  
May 18, 1953

Dear Gertrude,

No, Gertrude, it wasn't any more news—about when we're getting out of here, I mean, when I quit my letter to you yesterday. It was only laundry call. It took a lot of time, and chow was right after that, so I didn't get to finish telling you the rest of my big news until today.

Like I was saying, honey, there was Orville Cot feeling so bad and all, and you know me, Gertrude, I'm not one to let my best buddy down when I can do something about it. Well, this is what Orville was so sad about: His family's away! He's got nobody to be there when he gets off the train in Florida!

They're pretty rich, I guess—Orville's family, I mean. They must be, on account of they travel a lot, and right now they're somewhere in a fancy resort on the shore of the Mediterranean Ocean. Orville calls this place "Cans," which is sure a funny place for his folks to be, when they've got all the money they need to buy fresh food here in the good ol' U. S. of A.

Anyway, that's where they are instead of in Florida, and the minute I heard this, I said to Orville, "Cheer up, Orville! You're coming home with me!"

No siree, Gertrude, you know about how I don't waste no time making quick decisions, and I knew right away that this was the right thing to do. Well, you'd ought to have seen what happened to Orville's face when he realized what I was saying. Even Sergeant Scoliaris, who was standing near us, smiled. "Do you *mean* it, Sam?" Orville said, and of course I made it clear to him that I did.

Well, I know you real good, too, Gertrude—like you know me—and I know how you'll do everything you can to make Orville happy while he's visiting. And that's what I got to talk to you about



now. We can't have Orville just sitting around while you and me are off on dates 'n' stuff—so I'm depending on you to find Orville a real cute date.

But, please, nobody like Lily Hammerschlogg, Gertrude. Please! Not that I got anything *against* Lily, you understand, but I know Orville real good, and—well, you know Lily. I know it ain't *her* fault, but why should Orville suffer? She sure ain't a bathing beauty, Gertrude, and you know you can't say no different.

I promised Orville you'd get somebody real special for him, and you're the one who can do it, honey, if anybody can. If you run into Lily, and I guess you will, you'll have to tell her I'm coming home, I suppose—but don't tell her about Orville. I want to make him real proud to be there, honey—and not lookin' at time-tables for how quick he can get out. We want to treat him real swell, 'cause you know what they say about us Kansans: We're the most "hospital" people in America.

Oh—oh! Just got a call from the sergeant, babe. Wonder what he wants. He's been lookin' sort of peculiar all day. Tell you tomorrow.

xxxxxxx (That means kisses)  
Your ever-lovin' husband-to-be,  
Sam Cosgrove, Pvt., U. S. Army

★ ★ ★

Somewhere in Korea  
May 19, 1953

Dear Gertrude,

Hold everything, babe! Forget everything I wrote you yesterday! Not about coming home or about Orville coming with me, or anything like that, but forget everything I said about not telling Lily Hammerschlogg. Tell her *everything*, Gertrude, and tell her to get herself ready for a big time!

Sergeant Ulysses S. Scoliaris is coming home with me, too!

Honest, honey, you won't believe the way it happened. You remember I told you yesterday I got a call from the sergeant? Well, I went over to see him all right, and he was sitting there looking even worse than Orville did before I fixed everything up. He looked up at me, and it was a couple of minutes maybe, before he could clear his throat enough to talk. "Cosgrove," he said finally, "you and I have had our misunderstandings, but I'm not one to hold a grudge." Naturally, I told him I wasn't either, and he got up and started shaking my hand. "I don't have any family at all, Cosgrove," he said, all kind of choked up

inside. "Nobody to go home to. Nobody to be glad I'm there." He didn't say anything more, just looked at me and waited.

Well, Gertrude, you know me, and how it don't take a whole wagon-load of bricks to fall on me before I catch on. I thought to myself, "Sergeant Scoliaris, you aren't really a bad guy down underneath. You make mistakes, but nobody's all the way perfect!" (Except you, honey, and I mean that!) And all of a sudden, I heard myself telling the sergeant he was welcome to come home with me and Orville Cot.

Well, babe, you'd ought to have seen his face! "Thanks, Cosgrove!" he said, and gripped my hand tighter, which I forgot to tell you he'd been shaking all the time. I thought he was going to go on and say something about how grateful he was, but he didn't. He right away began asking me about dates. He wasn't all choked up any more, either. He was grinning a mile wide.

Now, mind you, Gertrude, I ain't one to go around being suspicious, but if Sergeant Scoliaris is trying to take advantage of our hospitality to Orville, I figure that we hadn't ought to be taken too much by surprise. We ought to be ready, and that's where Lily Hammerschlogg comes in. I figure if *Lily's* ready, then that makes *us* all set, too. Besides, Lily goes for sergeants in a big way. Remember last time I was home, and how she looked all over my sleeve for stripes?

Now, none of this should ought to interfere with you going ahead and fixing Orville up with a cute date. It's just that I've learned a lot in the Army, and you know me, Gertrude—I always remember stuff I learn. If Sergeant Scoliaris turns out to be honorable about this visit, we can always think of how to take care of Lily when we're sure. On second thought, Lily's just about right for the Sarge, 'cause Scoliaris sure ain't no Robert Taylor.

Believe me, I'm counting the days till I see you, honeybunch—that is, I would be if I knew how many of 'em it was gonna be. Anyway, till it *does* happen, remember that I love you.

xxxxxxx (That means kisses)  
Your ever-lovin' husband-to-be,  
Sam Cosgrove, Pvt., U. S. Army

The character Sam Cosgrove is fictitious. Any resemblance to actual persons, living or dead, is purely coincidental.

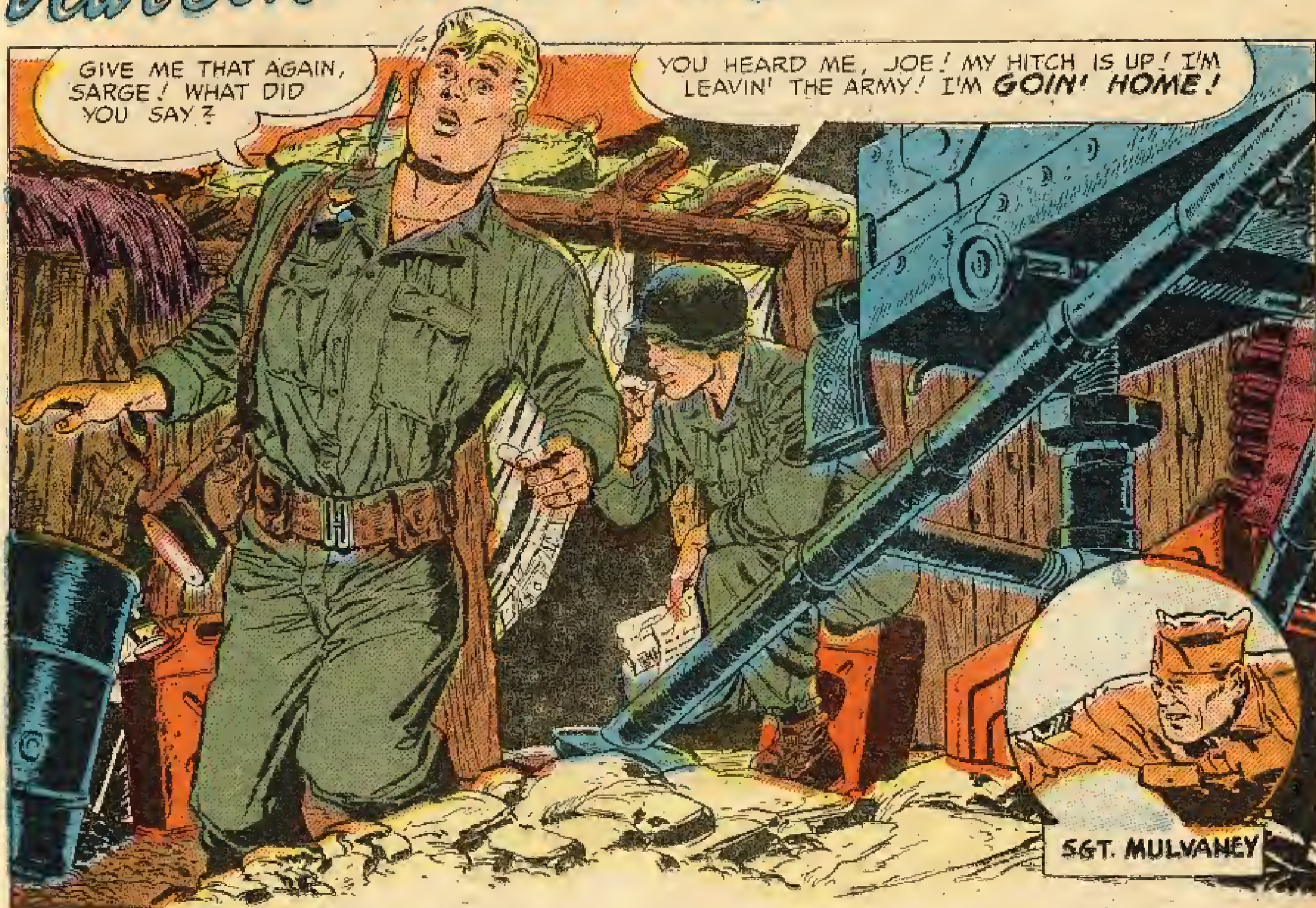


# G.I. Joe

## in "Dear Son - Come Home"

THERE COMES A TIME WHEN A MAN'S SENSE OF DUTY TO HIS COUNTRY MUST CONFLICT WITH HIS PERSONAL RESPONSIBILITIES. IF THE CHOICE IS THE RIGHT ONE, IT BRINGS WITH IT A REWARDING SENSE OF FULFILLMENT.

OUR STORY OPENS SHORTLY AFTER SGT. MULVANEY HAS FINISHED READING A LETTER FROM HOME...





A LITTLE LATER, AT HQ....

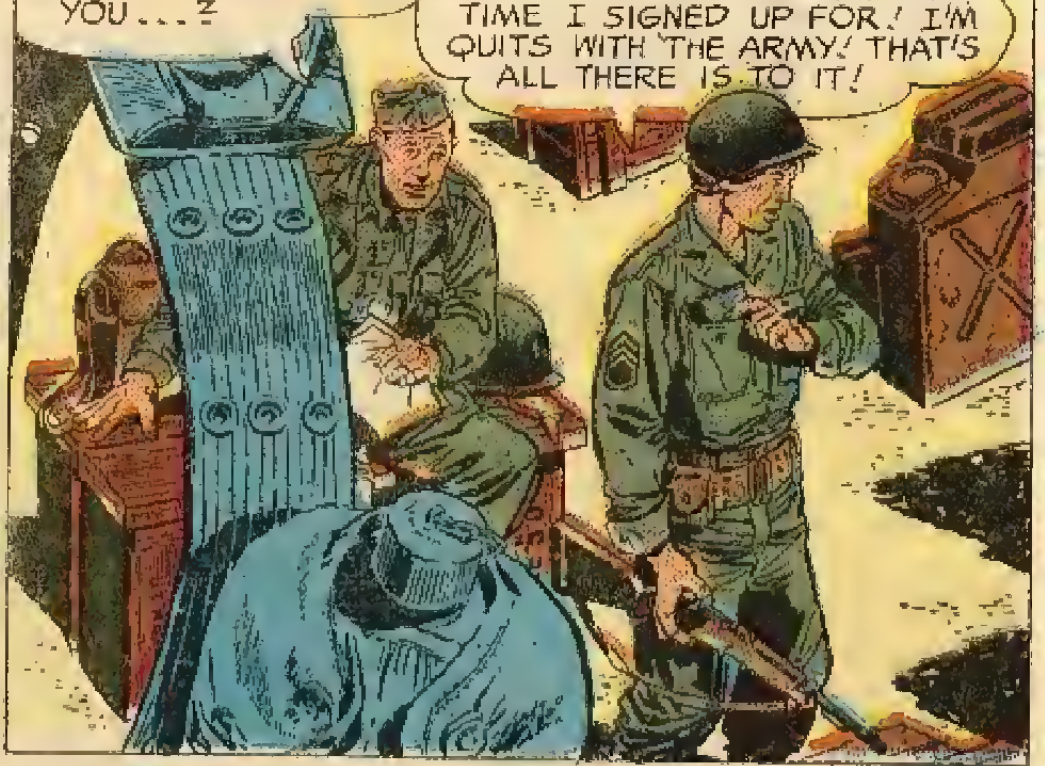
SURELY YOU UNDERSTAND, SERGEANT... THIS COMES AS A GREAT SURPRISE. ARE YOU **CERTAIN** THIS IS WHAT YOU WANT TO DO?

YES, SIR! I'M CERTAIN, LOOTENANT!



HAVE YOU THOUGHT IT OVER THOROUGHLY, SERGEANT? HAVE YOU...?

THERE'S NOTHIN' TO THINK OVER, LOOTENANT. MY HITCH IS UP! I'VE PUT IN ALL THE TIME I SIGNED UP FOR! I'M QUILTS WITH THE ARMY! THAT'S ALL THERE IS TO IT!



NOT **QUITE** ALL, SERGEANT! DO THE MEN KNOW ABOUT THIS? HAVE YOU THOUGHT OF HOW **THEY** MAY TAKE IT?

ONLY BURCH KNOWS ABOUT IT, SIR! BUT HE'LL TELL THE OTHERS! AN' WHAT'S THE DIFFERENCE **HOW** THEY TAKE IT?



I WOULDN'T ORDINARILY SAY THIS, SERGEANT, BUT ... WELL, IN YOUR CASE WOULDN'T YOU CARE TO RECONSIDER? WHAT I MEAN IS...



**RECONSIDER?** ME AN' THE ARMY HAD AN AGREEMENT! I KEPT MY PART O' THE BARGAIN... NOW THEY GOTTA KEEP THEIRS! **I'M GOIN' HOME!**



WELL, THAT LEAVES LITTLE FOR ME TO DO... OR SAY... SERGEANT! I'LL HAVE TO APPOINT A REPLACEMENT FOR YOU! ALSO, I SUGGEST YOU STAY OUT OF ALL FUTURE COMBAT MISSIONS!

THANK YOU, LOOTENANT!



MEANWHILE...

... AND HE'S SERIOUS, YOU GUYS! I DIDN'T BELIEVE IT MYSELF, UNTIL HE WENT OVER TO HQ! **THE SARGE IS GOIN' HOME!**





THE NEXT DAY...



SARGE... YOU WERE FOOLIN' ABOUT WHAT YOU SAID YESTERDAY, WEREN'T YOU?

LISTEN, BUSTER... TH' LOOTENANT'S ALREADY STARTED THE BALL ROLLIN'! I'LL BE ON MY WAY BEFORE YOU GET YER NEXT CITATION!



LOOK, SARGE... YOU NEVER TOLD ME MUCH ABOUT YOUR FAMILY BEFORE... ABOUT YOUR BROTHER BEIN' A CRIPPLE AN' ALL, BUT IF...

LET IT RIDE, HUH, JOE? FORGET ANYTHIN' I TOLD YOU YESTERDAY... EXCEPT THAT I'M GIVIN' THIS WHOLE CLAMBAKE A FAST "OH REVWA", OKAY?



THIS DON'T SOUND LIKE YOU SARGE! YOU SOUND LIKE...

WHAT'S A GUY GOTTA SOUND LIKE BEFORE HE GETS OUTA HERE? LISTEN... YA THINK I WANTED THE COMMIES TO START THIS CAPER OVER HERE?



THAT'S GOT NOTHIN' TO DO WITH IT, SARGE! I KNOW YOU GOT THINGS WORRYIN' YOU AT HOME! ALL I WANTED TO SAY WAS...

WELL, SHUT UP! I HEARD ENOUGH!



OKAY, SARGE... I'M SORRY! I WAS ONLY TRYIN' TO...

SAVE IT! YOU'RE STUCK OUT HERE... I'M FINISHED! I WISH YOU LUCK, BURCH... BUT I WON'T BE AROUND TO SEE WHAT KIND YA GET! I HOPE IT'S GOOD!



SUDDENLY... THE REDS ARE MASSIN' FOR AN ATTACK! WE BEEN ORDERED OUT FAST!

SORRY I CAN'T GO WITH YOU BOYS! BUT THE LOOTENANT ORDERED ME TO STAY PUT! HAPPY HUNTING!



BATTLE-WEARY HOURS LATER...



SORRY TO WAKE YOU, SARGE... JUST THOUGHT YOU MIGHT LIKE TO KNOW HOW WE MADE OUT!

ALWAYS INTERESTED, BURCH, YOU KNOW THAT!



YEAH! WELL, TAKE A LOOK, SARGE!

TAKE A **GOOD** LOOK! ONLY HALF OF US CAME BACK! BUT IT'S ALL OVER FOR YOU!



WHAT **HAPPENED** OUT THERE, JOE?

WHAT DO YOU **THINK** HAPPENED? MAKE EVERY MAN THE BOSS UNDER FIRE... DON'T LEAVE ANYONE TO TAKE ORDERS... AND WHAT HAVE YOU GOT? JUST WHAT YOU'RE LOOKIN' AT...



...COUNT 'EM AS THEY GO BY, SARGE... AN' STACK UP YOUR ANSWER AGAINST HOW MANY **MIGHT'VE** COME BACK IF YOU'D BEEN OUT THERE WITH US!



SHUT UP, JOE! ...KNOCK IT OFF...







KNOCK IT OFF? **WHY?** SO YOU WON'T HAVE A LOUSY TASTE IN YOUR MOUTH WHEN YOU TAKE OFF FOR HOME?

I SAID **SHUT UP!**



I'VE **BEEN** SHUT UP, MULVANEY! SO'S EVERY OTHER GUY IN THE COMPANY! EVER SINCE YOU...

YOU'RE TRYIN' TO TELL ME I GOT NO **RIGHT** TO GO HOME?



I DON'T KNOW **WHAT** I'M TRYIN' TO TELL YOU! I-I'M MIXED UP! ALL I KNOW IS WE'D HAVE DONE ALL RIGHT OUT THERE IF...

IF I'D BEEN THERE TO WIPE YER NOSES WHEN TH' GOIN' GOT ROUGH?



IT'S MORE THAN THAT, SARGE! IT'S...

YOU'RE SORE, AIN'T YA? SORE THAT **I'M** GOIN' HOME AN' YOU'RE STILL STUCK OUT HERE!



WHY, YOU...

ARE **YOU** OUT HERE BECAUSE Y' **WANTA** BE? COME ON, BURCH... I WANT A STRAIGHT ANSWER!



I'M HERE 'CAUSE THERE'S A JOB TO DO! SURE, I'D LIKE TO GO HOME! WHO WOULDN'T? I DIDN'T START THE WAR... AN' I DIDN'T **ASK** TO BE SENT OUT HERE, BUT AS LONG AS THERE'S ANY...



SERGEANT MULVANEY... YOUR PAPERS HAVE COME THROUGH. YOU START HOME TOMORROW. I'VE ARRANGED FOR YOUR TRANSPORTATION... **AND** YOUR REPLACEMENT!

PRIVATE BURCH, REPORT TO ME AT HQ! I'VE SOMETHING TO DISCUSS WITH YOU!



A LITTLE LATER, AT HQ...

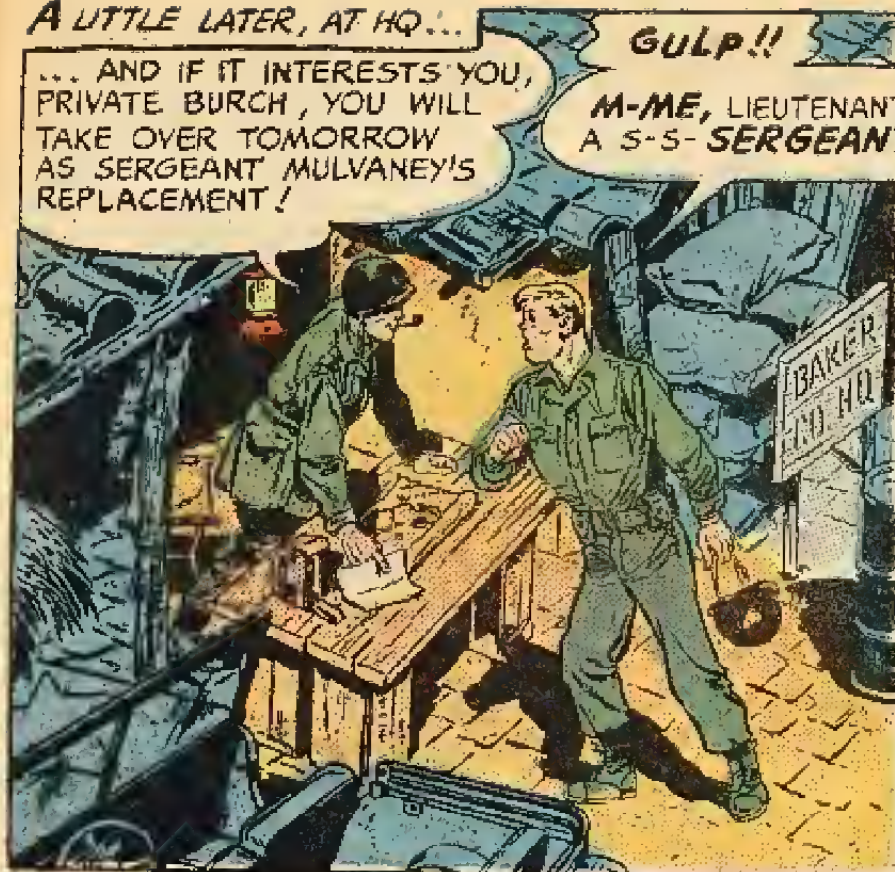
... AND IF IT INTERESTS YOU, PRIVATE BURCH, YOU WILL TAKE OVER TOMORROW AS SERGEANT MULVANEY'S REPLACEMENT!

GULP!!

M-ME, LIEUTENANT? A S-S-SERGEANT??

THE RATING GOES WITH THE JOB!

GEE, LIEUTENANT... THANK YOU, LIEUTENANT, SIR!!!



WHAT'RE YOU SO SET UP ABOUT, BURCH? YER CHIRPIN' LIKE A BLASTED CANARY!

JUST FEELIN' GOOD, MULVANEY! AIN'T NO LAW AGAINST THAT, IS THERE?



THE NEXT MORNING...

... HAWKINS... MULVANEY...

MULVANEY!

WHAT'S HE NEED A LETTER FOR? HE'LL BE OUTA HERE TODAY!

MEBBE THEY'RE SENDIN' HIM HOME SPECIAL DELIVERY!

BETTER MARK HIM "FRAGILE!" HE'S LIABLE TO BREAK!

I'LL TAKE IT FOR HIM!





A FEW MINUTES LATER...



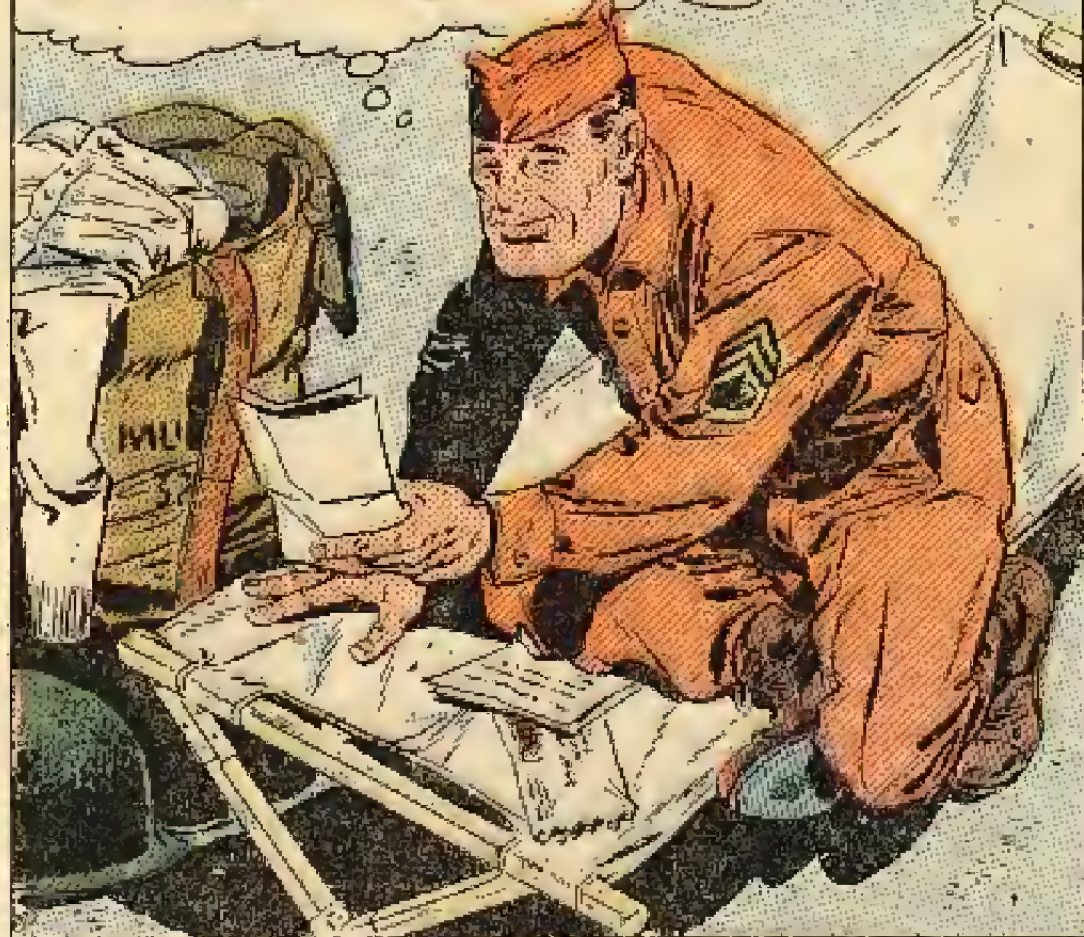
GOT A LETTER FOR YOU, MULVANEY! THOUGHT MAYBE... YOU'D...

REAL SOCIABLE OF YA T'BRING IT OVER, BURCH! THANKS! LAST TIME YOU'LL BE BOTHERED...

"... AND WHEN MOM TOLD ME SHE'D WRITTEN YOU TO COME HOME, I GOT BUSY! I HAVEN'T BEEN MUCH OF A BROTHER TO YOU, AL... KIND OF TOO WILLING TO LET YOU GO OUT AND DO ALL THE DIGGING..."

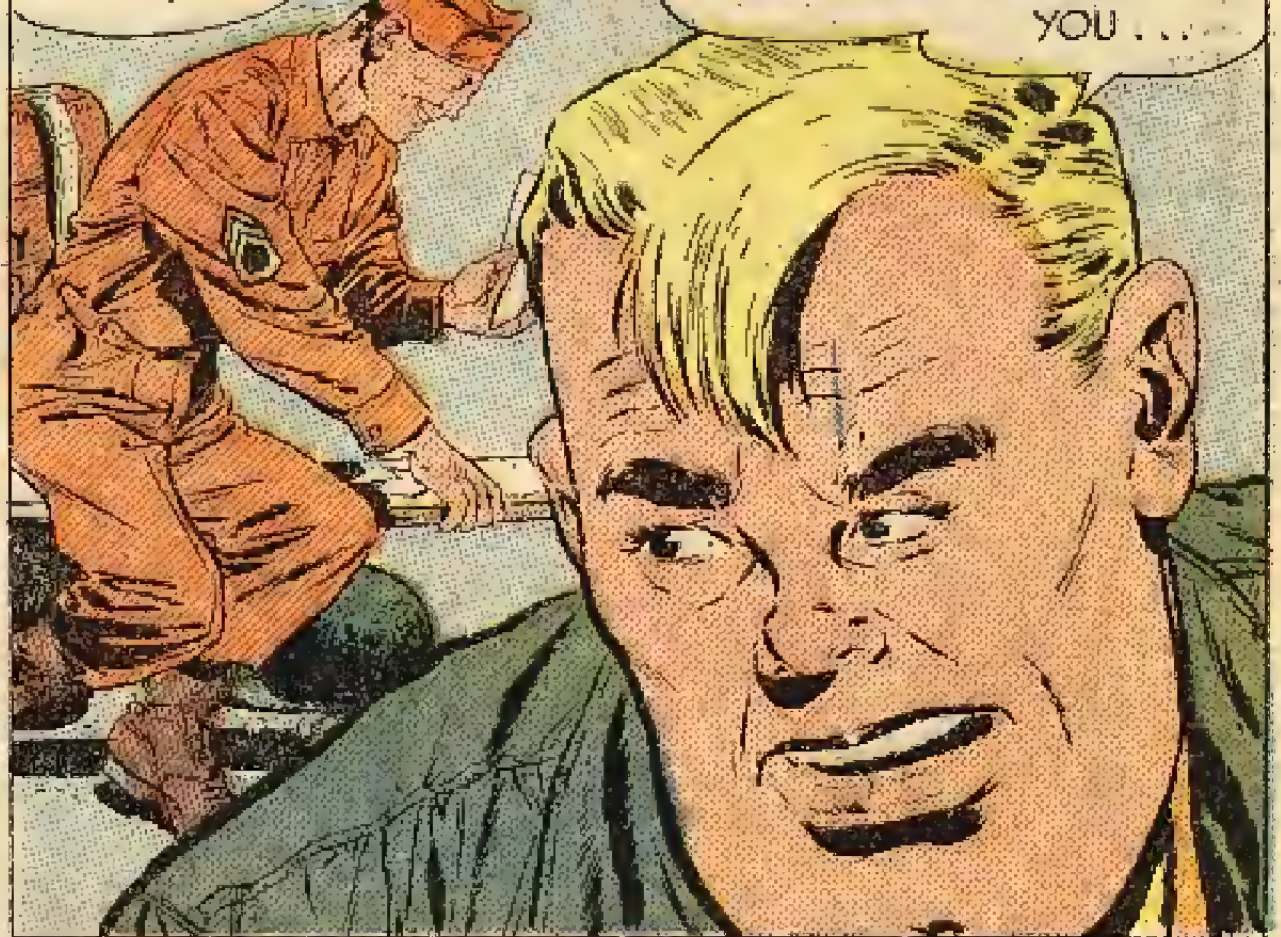


"... BUT SINCE YOU WENT INTO THE ARMY, I'VE BEEN TRYING MY HAND AT SOME WRITING. HAVEN'T DONE TOO BADLY, EITHER... SOLD A FEW PIECES HERE AND THERE..."



"... AND NOW IT LOOKS LIKE THE TOWN PAPER WANTS A REGULAR COLUMN! AT A GOOD PRICE, TOO!"

GOT A FANCY BID TO PUBLISH YOUR WAR EXPERIENCES, SARGE? MAYBE YOU CAN TELL 'EM HOW YOU...

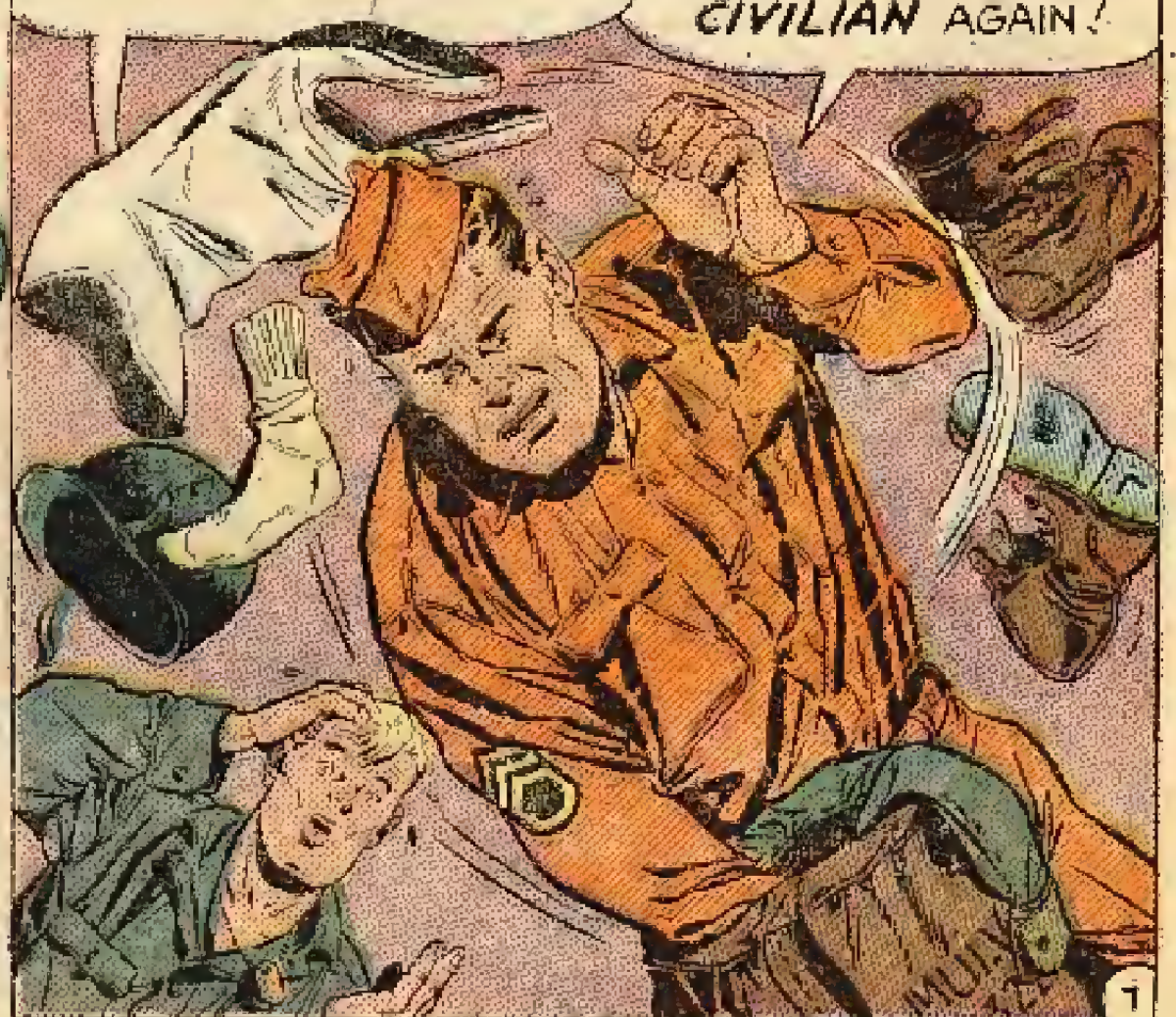


I CAN TELL **YOU** HOW TO BUTTON THAT FLABBY MOUTH OF YOURS, BURCH... AN' **THAT'S** FER SURE!



WHAT'S COME OVER YOU, MULVANEY? A MINUTE AGO YOU WERE...

A MINUTE AGO I WAS MIGHTY CLOSE TO BEIN' A DOGGONE **CIVILIAN** AGAIN!

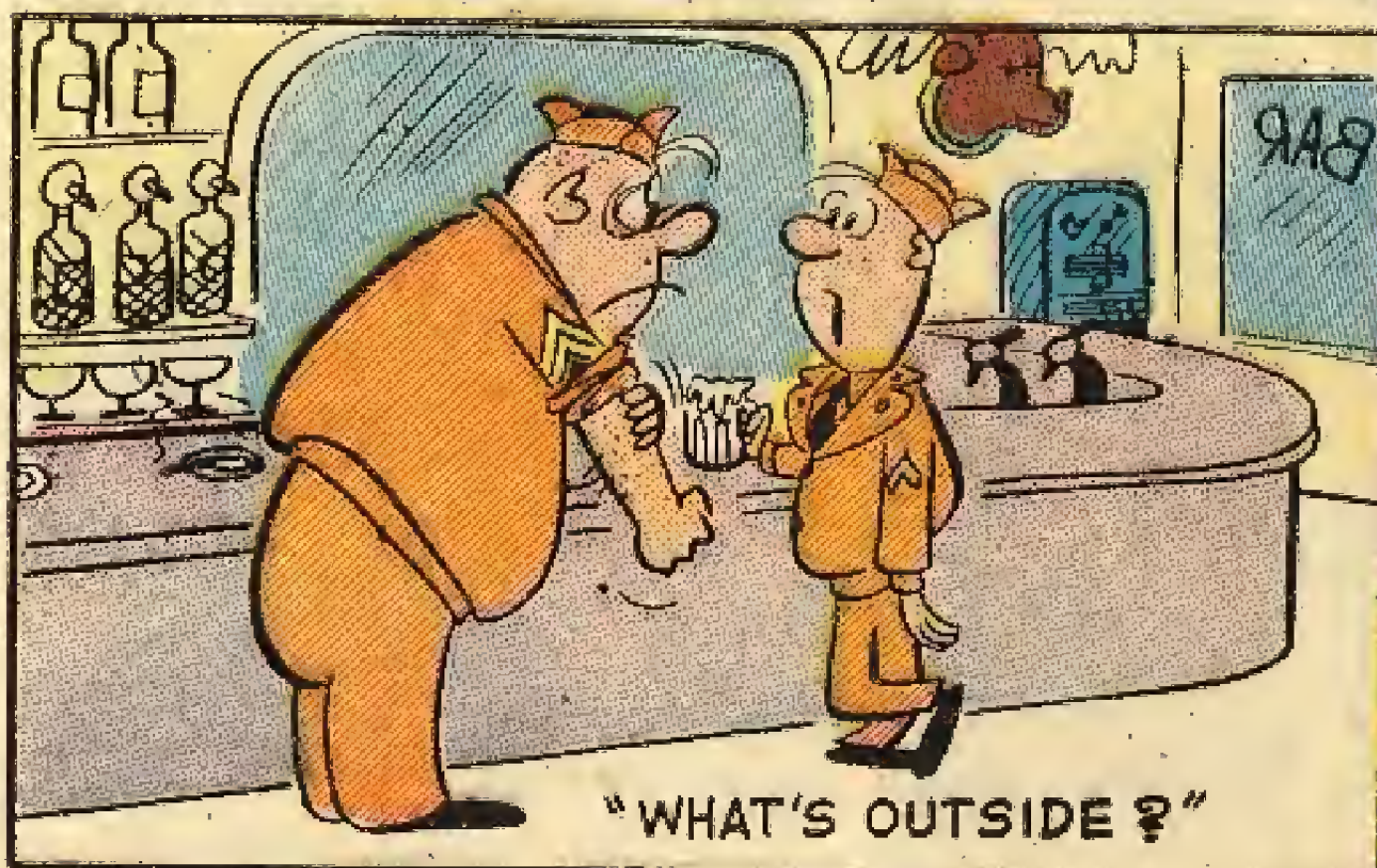
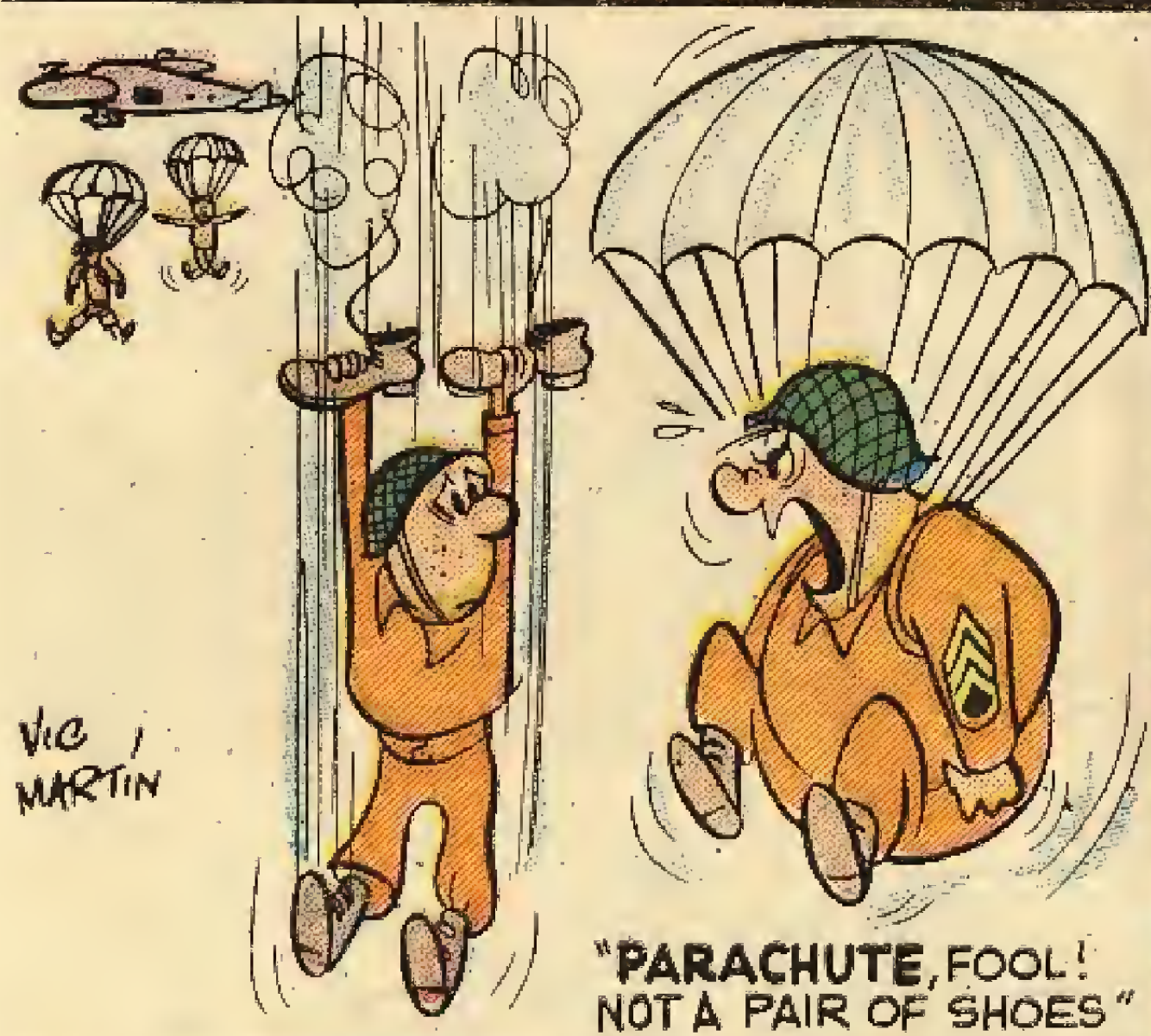
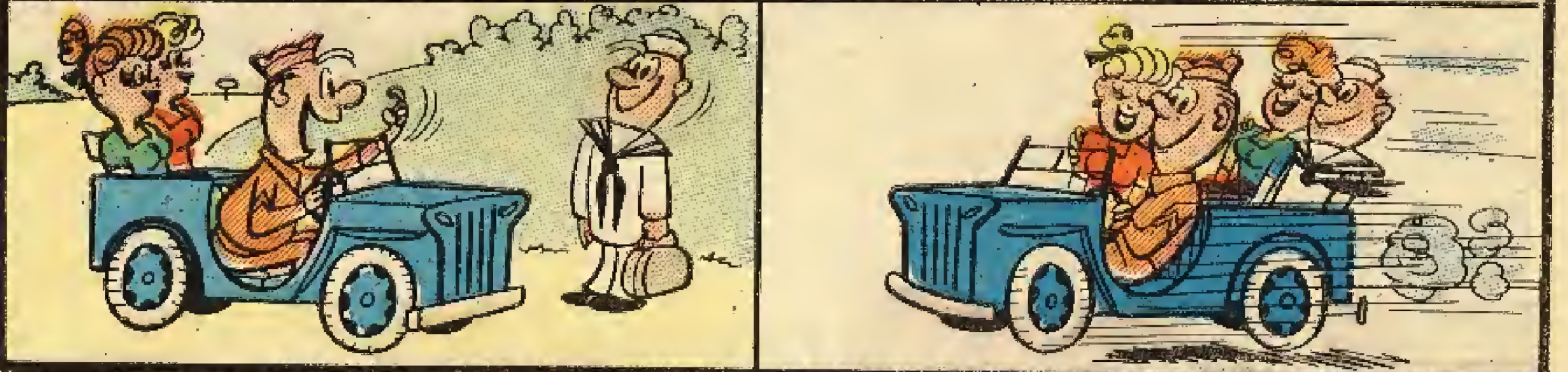
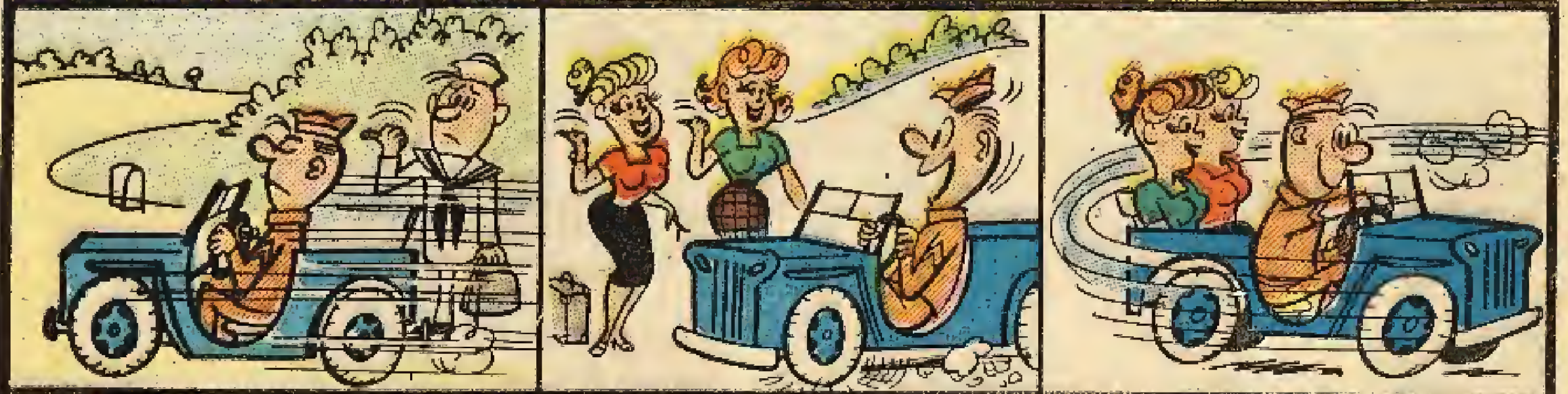








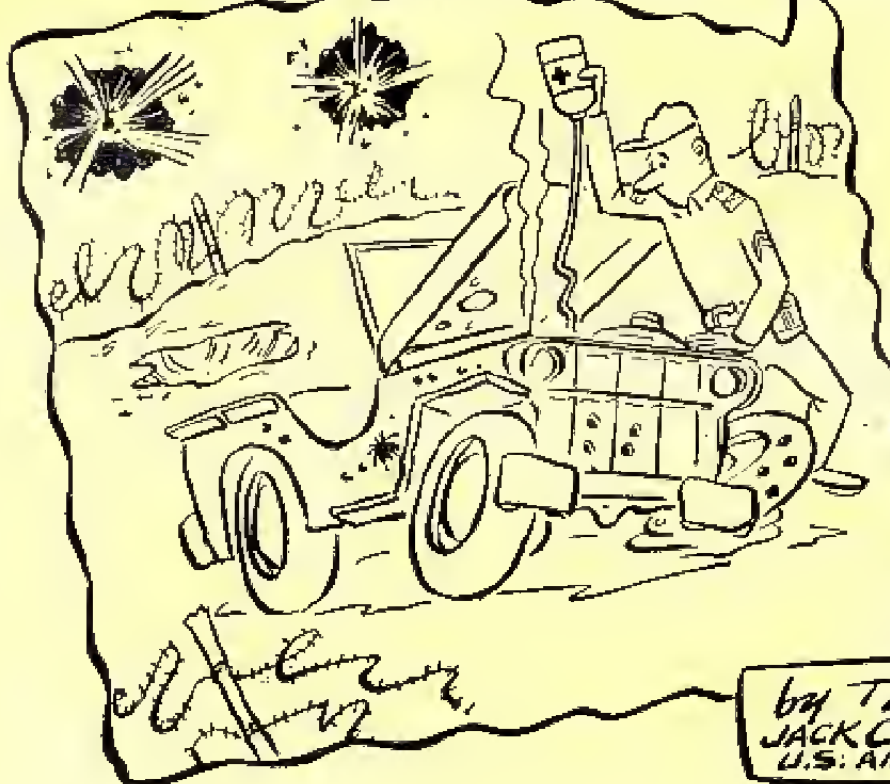
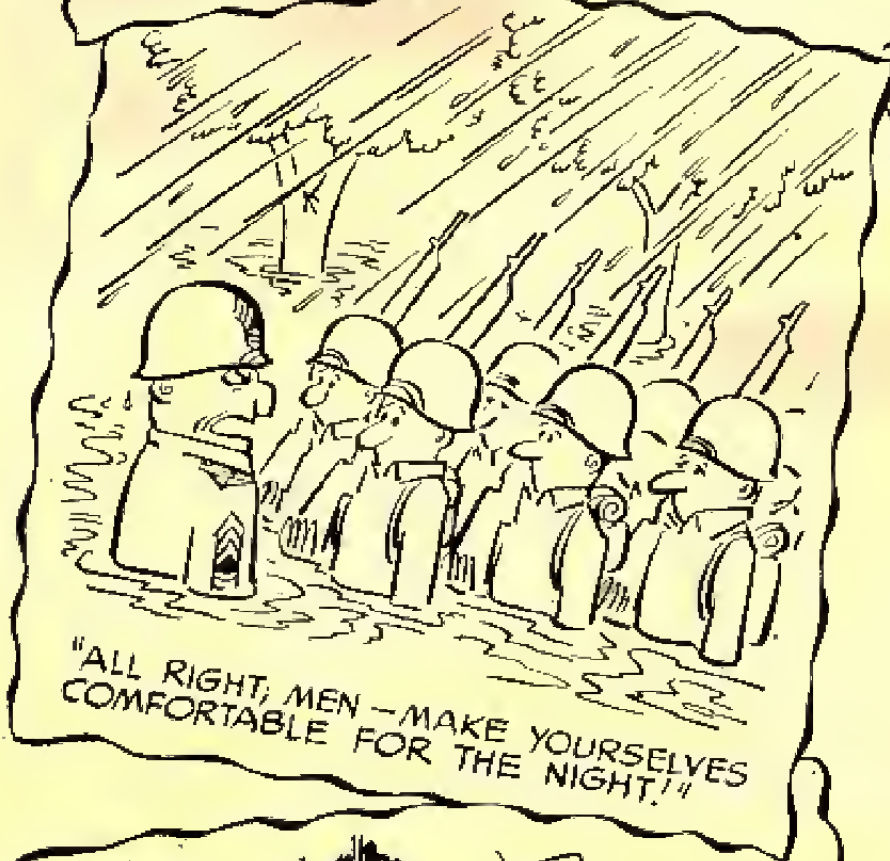
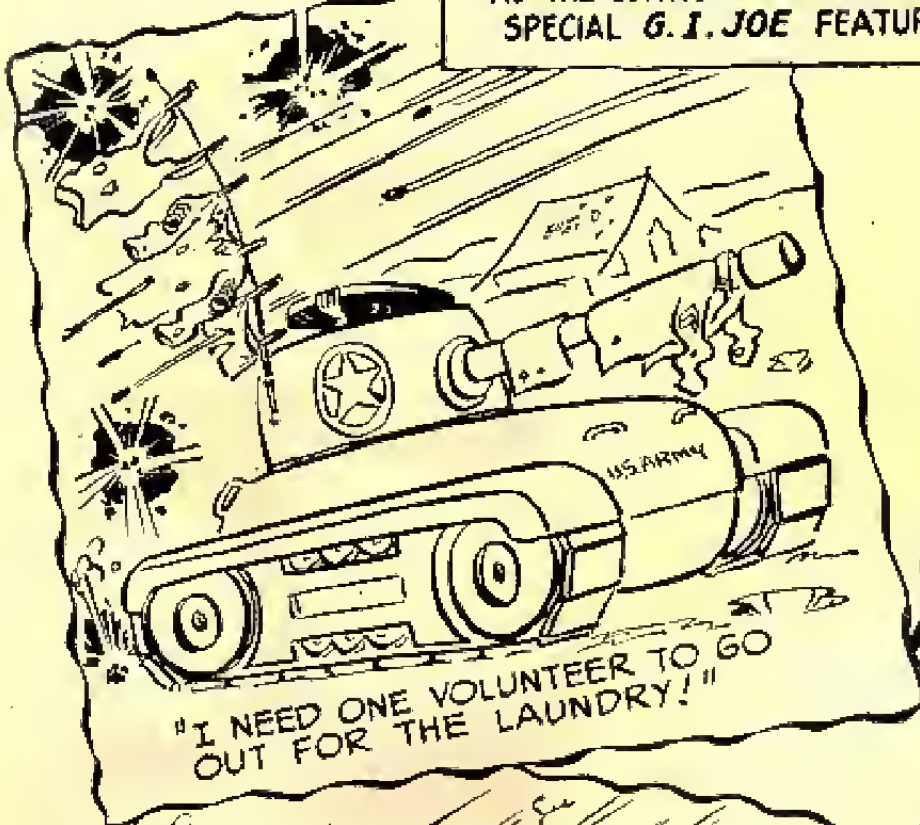
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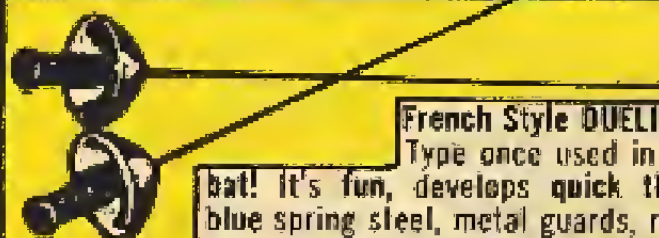


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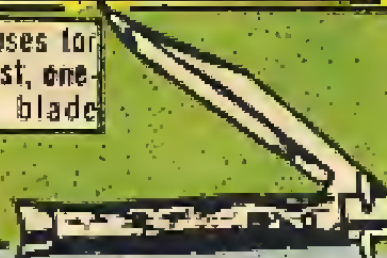


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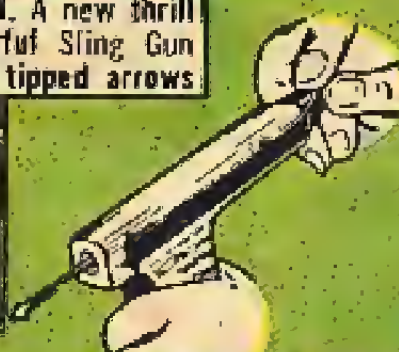
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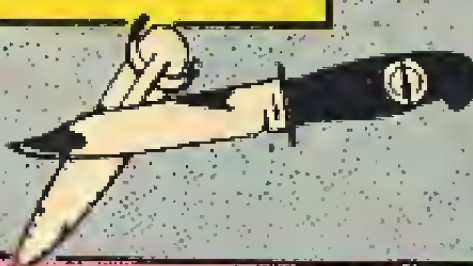
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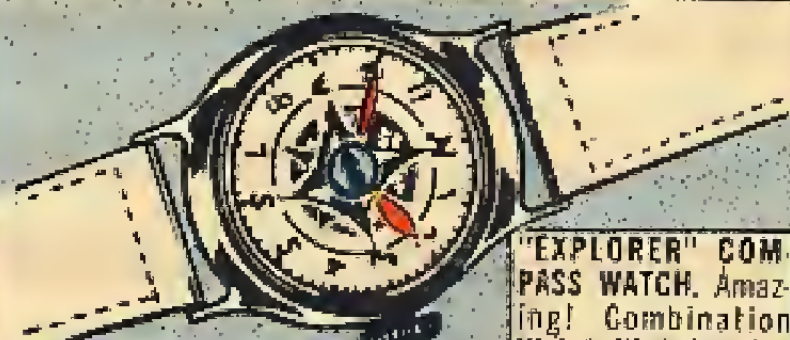
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